

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ALICE, THE FISHER-GIRL:

THE OLD MAN OF THE WRECK.

A Story of Old England and the Ocean.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

can dig them up. These which I have picked out here, I shall keep."
"But what is it, doctor?" asked the widow, with nerrous anxiety.
"What is the matter with them?" added

CHAPTER XIV.

ORD TIVERTON as theck in his chair, and turned his gaze upon Alice. Then he looked once more upon the mother, and he saw that she was much agitated. She noticed his look, and she could not re-press the emotions which his presence called up.
It wish I were sure," he murmared to himf, while he bowed his head.
The doctor heard his words, and he turned to-rish him.

rds him.

'Did you speak to me?" the latter asked.

'To you?" the earl uttered, starting up and king his companion in the face. "No, no—I had to myself."

billon smiled, for he did not know how deep-billon smiled, for he did not know how deep-the earl was moved, and he was upon the int of making some light remark, when he de-ted the plums which lay upon the table.

etest the plums which lay upon the table.

'Ah," he uttered, "you must excuse me if I ip myself to some of this fruit. I am extremed not of it."

'You may have as much as you please," re-radd Alice; "but I should hardly recommend. I cannot eat it. I it not ripe?"

'And why not? I is. it not ripe?"

'And why not? I is, but not very clean."

'Not clean? Why the plums look clean nough."

"Not clean? Why the plums look clean enough."

"And perhaps they may be," said Alice, as the arose from her chair and approached the table. "They were left here by an old woman who came begging, and her appearance was filthy in the extreme. You will notice that some of the plums are quite dirty."

As the maidien spoke she picked up one—the one she had examined before—and some of the dirt was still upon it.

"An old woman dressed in black, wasn't it?" said the earl.

"Yes, sir," answered Alice.
"I saw her. She came out of the park this morning."

orning."
"Yes, yes," added the doctor. "I remember wo of having seen her. Very likely she stole ese plums, for I think Sir William has some at like them."

just like the "She said she got them there; and that some e gave them to her," explained Alice.

one gave them to her," explained Alice.

In the meantime the doctor had taken up some of the fruit, and was examining it attentively. While he was doing this his conntenance changed, and his hand trembled.

"What is it it" asked the earl, who had been watching him.

Dillon held the same plum in his hand which Alice had picked up, and had found a place where the skin had been punctured and then closed over again. He opened the plum, and the substance which Alice had it her plum, and the substance which Alice had thought looked like dirty flour was found to have been jammed down into the fruit.

"This is dirty," said the doctor, as he placed that plum one side, and then pawed over the dish for another. He found several which had been operated upon in the same way, and at a length

rated upon in the same way, and at length ooked up from his work, and his face wore a of startling meaning.
in old woman, you say, left these here?"
id, turning to the maiden.
Tes, sir."

"Yes, sir."
"And do you know who she was?"
"No, sir."
"Did you ever see her before?"
"Not that I know of."
"But you would know her if you should see st again ?"

again ?" should." You must take these plums in the basin and y them. Bury them so deep that nothing

"Yes, sir, as near as I can," returned Alice, looking up, and speaking in a tremulous voice. "She appeared to be quite old, if I might judge from her form and carriage. Her dress was of faded, dirty black silk, and on her head she wore a black hood. Her hair was of a light flaxen hue, and seemed to have a yellowish cast. I could tell but little of her features, for her face was very dirty, and she kept it turned away as much as possible."

"Was she a large woman?"
"No, sir, she was rather small, though of a medium size."
"And did she seem perfectiv casy while "And did she seem perfectly easy while

here ?"

"Well—I should say, not. She rather appeared uneasy and anxious, though I did not particularly notice it at the time."

"I may come across her; and if I do she will most assuredly hear from me. Come, doctor."

The earl arose as he spoke, and the doctor followed his example, and then they both turned towards the door. The widow started from her chair as though she would have detained the nobleman, but she did not speak. He noticed the movement, however, and he turned towards her.

her.

"My good woman," he said, "I am not here to pry into your secrets, and I have discovered nothing that is worth the telling. You have nothing to fear."

nothing that is worth the telling. You have nothing to fear."

As he thus spoke he turned from the apartment and passed out into the front garden. The doctor just swited to sell the widow that he would call again when he could make it convenient, and then he turned lowards Alice, and once more admonished her to bury the poisoned damsons deep down in the earth where they could do no harm. After this he followed his companion out to the carriage, and soon they drove off.

The mother and child were once more alone. Alice went and sat down by her parent's side, and looked earnestly up into her face.

"Mother," she said, "will you not tell me what all this means;"

"What, child?"

"This strange conduct of yourself and Lord Tiverton. And then, too, the same strange thing when Sir William Brenford was here;"

"Alice," spoke the widow, after a few month 'entire the side, and not a few months' he sittention," I know that you would not pain your mother."

"O, no, no. You know I would not."

"Then let this matter rest for the present where it is. Sometime, perhaps, I may tell you all; but not now. Go, now, and destroy that fatal fruit."

The maiden started at the mention of the fruit, and her face turned pale again.

"And it shall be looked after, too," added "iverton. "This old woman may be a villain." The widow moved close to the carl's side and laid her hand upon his arm, and while she looked carnestly into his face she uttered, in a low,

hoarse whisper:
"You do not think Sir William would "Would have what?" asked the earl, starting

to his feet.

"No, no," the poor woman uttered, "he would not--! know he would not."

"Ah, I see now!" said Lord Tiverton, in slow, marked tones. "You are ""Arnot Tiverton, speak not a word. You have sought my roof, and I have opened my doors. When you go forth, let your ips be sealed. I am but what I seem—a poor, de-graded—No! a poor honest woman. Now let it "wass."

graded—No I a poor honest woman. Now let it pass."

The widow had spoken very lowly, and with a strange emphasis. The earl sat back in his chair, and as his eyes wandered to where Alice sat, he saw that she was pale and trembling. When she heard her mother pronounce that name she knew that she had been conversing with the proad father of he lover, and under the influence of the emotions that seized upon her she had sank down into a chair and covered her face with her hands. She looked up once, and found the earl gazing upon her, and then she bowed her head and covered her face again, for her heart was beauting wildly now, and the

and found the earl gazing upon her, and then she bowed her head and covered her fice again, for her heart was beating wildly now, and the blood was ruthing up with more than its wonted force to her brow.

The doctor gased upon the strange scene in blank surprise, but he caught the eye of the earl, and he read there a sign for him to keep silent. "Lady," and Tiverton, looking studily into the widow's face, "there is surely harm meditated here in this poisoned fruit, but I trust you will not so deeply wrong a noble and generous man, as to entertain for an instant the idea which you came nigh whispering to me. I do not think that poison was meant for you."

"Then it was meant for my child," said Mrs. Woodley, bringing her mind back to the fruit.

"I think it was—that is, If it was meant fatally for either. Bat I will look after it. Miss Woodley, will you give me a description of the woman who left these plums !"

"But what is it, doctory" asked the waven, with nervous anxiety.

"What is the matter with them "" added Alice.
"Ay, doctor," said the earl, "what in the name of wonder have you found ""
"I'll tell you," returned Dillon, slowly and emphatically; "These plums have just about half of them been poisoned ""
"Poisoned!" uttered the widow.
"Poisoned!" choed Alice.
"Good beavens?" cried the earl. "Poisoned, did you say?"
"They have, moet assuredly. There is poison enough in this single plum to destroy life."
The mother and child both started to their feet, and moved towards the table, but the mother was the most pale and accited. She trembled violently, and her lips were like chalk.
"This is a most strange affair," the carl said, "and one which should be looked into."
"It must be that Sir William's gardener prepared this fruit for the purpose of punishing there," in general the prepared the first the purpose of punishing the fruit has been often stolen, and this was for a lesson to the maranders; and then perhaps the woman did steal these from the garden."
"No, no," returned Dillon, with a shake of the head. "No sane man would have dared to do that. If thieves are in the habit of troubling the fruit the gardener might possibly place some powerful medication in their way, but he would not use a deadly poison as this would not be increased."
"Such virulent poison as this would not be returned to the third of the presence of the head." "No some man would have dared to the third third the property of the presence of the head." "No some man would have dared to the third third the property of the presence of the head." "No some man would have dared to the third third the property of the presence of the head." "No some man would have dared to the third third third the property of the presence of the head." "No some man would have dared to the third third third the presence of the head." "No some man would have dared to the third third the presence of the head." "No some man would have dared to the the third the presence of t

and the state of t

will not forsake us."

The mother looked inquiringly into her daughter's face.

"He has saved our lives to-day," continued the maiden, "and we need not fear to trust him. I mean the mighty Spirit of all things—the God of mercy and love."

Alice walked past where her mother sat, but the latter did not look up. She dared not let her child see the expression which she knew dwelt at that moment upon her face. She was wondering if God was afrays kind. Sometimes he had almost lost her hope even in him!

Determine the state of the state of the state of the dark with the state of the dark with the dark of the dark of the dark of the state of

n that subject."

The doctor took the hint, for it was a palpale one, and after a few moments of thought he

ble one, and auer a soresumed!

"Well-let that pass; but what can you think
of those poisoned plums ?"

"You are sure they were poisoned?"

"Son are sure they were poisoned?"

"Sure 3" iterated Dillon, "Why, the first
plum I examined contained nearly two grains of
pure strychina, and less than a grain will destroy
life. Once I tried its power upon a rabbit, and
half a grain, blown into its throat through a
pipe-stem, caused death in four minutes and a
half. You can judge for yourself."

"Then it must have been meant murderously,"
said the earl.

pipe stem, cau half. You can "Then it m said the earl.

"Of course it was, and now have you any idea of who did this?"

idea of who did this "" "" who ware you any
"Not yet, not yet, doctor."
"And can you imagine sely it was done?"
"No, not yet. But I shall try to find out.
have not even well-founded suspicions yet."
"It is a severe thing," said the doctor, shaking his head impressively, "and it should be sifted to the bottom. The woman was surely at the hall this morning, and we may find out some-thing concerning her from some of the servants."
"Doctor Dillon, I must ask of you a favor,"
uttered the each, looking into his companion's face camestly.

uttered the earl, locking into his companion's face camestly,
"Speak on."
"You shall not mention at the hall a word of
what has happened this day. Let me have the
handling of the subject, and if the truth is to be
arrived at, I assure you I will find it out."
The physician promised, and he promised, too,
without saking any questions, for he knew that
he should be made acquainted with the facts
when they came to light.
The truth was, Lord Tiverton had his suspicious, though they were very vague and undefined.

CHAPTER XV. A STARTLING RECOGNITION. LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

A STARTLING RECOGNITION. LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

THE old man who had been saved from the wreck was now quite comfortable, though very weak. According to his account he had had a severe fever in London, and as soon as he had been able to venture out he had secured a passage for Newcastle in the ship "Binson." He storm first came on, and that the captain stood off, hoping that it would not last long. He dared not attempt to run into the Stour, and hoped he could make a good sea-borth and ride it out; but when he got up off Aldborough the storm had increased so that he was obliged to house his top-gallant masts, and with what sail he had left he tried for awhile to work off to sea. But at length he was obliged to heave-to with he had left he tried for awhile to work off to sea. But at length he was obliged to heave-to with he had left he tried for awhile to work off to sea. But at length he was obliged to heave-to with a lee-shore close at hand, and from that moment all government over the ship was lost.

There was considerable intelligence in the man's eyes, and his language was well chosen, and spoken with clear pronunciation. He would not tell his business, his name, nor anything clase by which any idea could be gained of his fearance ter or habits. It was towards evening, and the weak man had been hothered up to a stiting clase by which any idea could be gained of his farmecter or habits. It was towards evening, and the weak man had been hothered up to a stiting the hall. The invalid looked up as the host entered, and a perceptive tremor shook his frame, but he hall. The invalid looked up as the host entered, and a perceptive tremor shook his frame, but he hall. The invalid looked up as the host entered, and a perceptive tremor shook his frame, but he hall. The invalid looked up as the host entered, and a perceptive tremor shook his frame, but he hall. The invalid looked up as the host entered, and a perceptive tremor shook his frame, but he hall. The heal he does how the host head been brought on the hold.

his face from the light as much as possible, a "Well, my friend," and the harnest, taking a seat near the bed, "how do you feel to-day?"

"Much better," answered the invalid. "I am in hopes to soon be able to relieve you of my company."

"I beg you will not make yourself uneasy on that account. We saved your life from drown-

"I beg you will not make yourself uneasy on that account. We saved your life from drowning, and we want to finish the work now we've begun it. You will find a home here as long as you need it, and good nursing, too."
"But I cannot repay you, sir."
"Will you have the kindness to wait until we ask you for pay. I would have you understand that Sir William Brentford doesn't take pay for doing deeds of kindness."
The old man unoun the bed stated at the cast of the control of the control

doing deeds of kindness."

The old man upon the bed started at the name
of the baronet, but Sir William thought 'twas
only a twinge of pain, and he paid it no

only a write of think?"

"You were bound for Newcastle, I think?"
the baronet said, after he had waited some time for some remark, but without getting any.

"Yes, sir."
"Do you belong there?"

"No,"
"Ah, you belong in London, I presume?"
"Well—as much there as anywhere."
"I don't know that I have heard your name." "And I do not know that I have told it yet,"

as the laconic response.

"Have you any objections?"

"Not if you merely wish for a name by which

to call me."

"Of course we should like to know how to ad-"Well, then, you may call me Brown. That

"Well, then, you may call me Brown. Tha is a good name, and an easy one to pronounce You may call me Brown." Sir William was a little moved by this man ner of answering, and for a few moments there were anger marks upon his face, but he soon overcame his feelings, and he thought that per-haps the man's mind was a little injured, or that he might have some good reason for keeping his

real name a scoret. At all events the baron: knew that the cognomen he had given was a false one. After a while he resumed: "The doctor informs me that you will soon be well again if you have proper care." "So he told me, and I am thankful for it, for I should like to be on my way as soon as possible."

possible."

At that moment the sun, which had been behind the top of a thick tree, threw its beams into the room, and they fell upon the invalid's face. The profile was relieved most strikingly, and as the baronet saw is he started forward and feaned over the bed. The sick man quickly turned his face away from the sun, but in doing so he presented it meet the sun of the sun of the sick man give the sun of the sun o

face away from the sun, but in doing so he pre-sented it more fully to his host.

"By my soal, I have seen that face before,"
Sir William uttered, with much carnestness. "I have, most surely."

"One like it, perhaps," the man said, quite colly.

"One like it, permaps,"

"No, by heavens—I have seen that same face.
"So, by heavens—I have seen that same face.
"On't be too sure, sir."
"An, I know you!"
The man stated and covered up his face. with the bed-clothes, but the haronet tore them off.
"Look ye, Sir Harvold Radion, I know you!"
"Are you sure!"

the bed-clothes, but the bacous.

"Look ye, Sir Harrold Radsten, Iknow you!"

"Are you sure!"

"By the Holy Book, I am."

"Well, then it's no use for me to deep it."

"It is not, for I know you."

"The har it is no so."

"The barouet and back in his chair and clenched his hands together. His face had tunned pale, and his teeth were set firmly together. He gased upon that man before him, and his eyes burned almost like coals.

"Harrold Radston," he seld, in a low, grinding tone, "I would asve the life of the dirtiest dog in the world if it laid in my power, but had I known you, you should never have passed my threshold, even though you had died at my door like a worm."

"Your wish is very kind, Sir William," returned Radston, while a faint smile worked about his bearded lips; "and you can even now have me carried out and laid upon the earth. You might not wait long to see me die!"

"Non no, I wish you no ill. I would not lift "No. no, I wish you no ill. I would not lift "No. no, I wish you no ill. I would not lift "No. no, I wish you no ill. I would not lift "No. no, I wish you no ill. I would not lift when the seek in the lift was not not have my have fully re-

have me carried out and laid upon the carth-You might not wait long to see medie!"
"No, no, I wish you no ill. I would not lift, a finger to harm you. When you have fully re-covered I will even furnish you with money to est you on your way; but had I known you, you should not have slept beneath my roof."
"An, Sir William, as we grow old we should grow forgiving."
"Tongiving! Did you say forgiving, Harrold Radston!"

" Forgs: "
Radston 9"
"I said 80."
"And you talk of forgiveness 1 O, I should like to see the angel that could forgive such as you?"
"You are that angel, Sir William," spoke the "You are that angel, Sir William," spoke the

you ""

"You are that angel, Sir William," spoke the sick man, calmly and coolly.

"Mel" uttered the baronet, starting up again and clenching his fists. "O, I call on God to witness: When I forgive you—may my—"

"Stop, stop, Sir William Brentford. Beware how you speak!"

There was something in the tones of that voice, and in the manner in which those words were spoken, that caused the baronet to hesitate, and his sentence was not finished.

"Well," he said, after some apparent consideration, "let it pass. We are both old now, and death will soon come to settle up our carefully accounts. You know best how you can meet the black spirit."

"Well enough, Sir William. I can meet him as well as I have met other spirits what come occasionally to visit me. Don't you sometimes have spirits come to visit you, that make you melancholy like—that make you almost fed as though death would be a—"

"Harrold Radston, stop! I would hear no more. Neither you nor I have the power to wipcout the deep condemnation of the past, and we should not drag it up to sight now. If you would even remain here until you are a well man speak no more like that. I hope you understand!"

"Perfectly."

"Then beware! I shall leave you now, and

"Perfectly."
"Then beware! I shall leave you now, and I hope I shall see you no more. Yet the doctor shall visit you, and you shall have kind sursing. I hope you will not speak your name to any other soul within this dwelling."
"I have not spoken it yet."
"Well—and you must not. I hope you may

"I have not spoken it yet."
"Well—and you must not. I hope you may recover, and I hope, too, you may live long enough to die a happy man."
"That sounds wonderfully like forgiveness, Sir William, did you know it!"
"Let it be what it may, I mean it. I don't wish to have my heart loaded down with ill feelings now, for they make me miserable; and God know I have enough to make me unhappy without cherishing anger. O, Sir Harrold, you have been a sore thing in my soul!"

The baronet bowed his head as he spoke, and big drop rolled down his furrowed cheek and ell upon the floor. The sick man saw it, and he expression of his face was changed, but he

rell upon the floor. The sick man saw it, and the expression of his face was changed, but he did, not speak.

"Farwell," spoke Sir William, starting up from his chair, and turning towards the door.

"You will see me again "9" said Radston.

"Not if I can help it."

"But you shall not try to help it."

"But you shall not try to help it."

"Nover mind that now. I can read my own will better than another can read it for me. So I bid you farewell, and I hope, if we do meet again, that we shall both be happier."

Sir William turned towards the door as he spoke, and passed out from the room. Hough this study, and when once there he sank down into a chair and buried his face in his hands. He was deeply moved, and for a long while he sat there and murmaured over incoherent sentences to himself. He had been thus some half-hour or more, when he was aroused by the opening of himself. He had been thus some half-hour or more, when he was aroused by the opening of himself. He hot ooking up he beheld the earl.

"How now, Sir William? at your sulks

"How now, Sir William? at your sulks again?"

gain y"
"No—only thinking, Tiverton, that's all."
"No by the sour thoughts must be very weighty."
"So they are—to me. Do you not somemes have weighty thoughts"
"O, very often. I have had some very tetly."

lately."
Gradually the old baronet became social, and the smiles began to lighten up his features, and for awhile the earl rattled away on all sorts of subjects. At length, however, he draw his chair nearer to his friend, and soberly asked:
"Hare you on any poison in the house, Sir William 1"
"Poison's Wi-

Poison? Why, what on earth are you going

"I'll tell you after I get it; but you may re sured I don't mean to make any human a

Well, I believe I have some."
What kind?"

"Strychnia, I think. I got it to poison foxes and skunks, and other vermin that trouble

my poultry."

The earl started slightly, but he did not exhibit any unusual emotion.

"Did you use it yourself?" he asked, care-

"No."

"You let your gardener use it, I suppose ?"

"No.—I was afraid to trust such dangerous staff in the hands of a bungler, and I didn't let any of my thick-skulled fellows use it."

"Ah—that's right. One cannot be too careful of such stuff."

"That's a fact, Tiverton."

"I suppose that you wouldn't trust such an article out of your own hands, except to Tom," said the eart.

artice out or your own manner, wavel.

"I faith, Tiverton, I wouldn't trust him to keep it. I'd the him use it, but if he should attempt to keep it, he'd be just as likely to leave it out on his wash-stand as anywhere."

"Then I should like to know whom you do

rast!"
"Why, if I remember rightly, I got Belinda o take that. But what's the matter!"
"Only a twinge in my side, Sir William. I mashiect to them."
"Then get your son to doctor you. He cured ne of the twinge in my feet."
"Perhaps I shall."
"Then's girls And your if you want any of

"Perhaps I shall."

"That's right. And now if you want any of
that strychnia I'll send to Belinda and get some."

"No, no, never mind. When I want to use
it I'll either let you know, or else go to her
myself."

myself."
"Do just as you please."
"I will. But, by the way, Sir William," uttered the earl, as though a new idea had suddenly come to his mind, "did you see anything of an old woman and woman and woman and woman and woman it was a back hood, and flaxen hair, and somewhat heart it was the woman with a faded black silk dress, and a black hood, and flaxen hair, and somewhat heart it.

"No, I did not."

"You don't know of any such woman about

"You don't know of any such woman about here 9"
"No, not now. We used to have an old woman here something like that. Ha, ha, ha—she was a jolly old thing. She was my nurse—ahe served my father many years, and was old when I was born. She had flaxen hair—only she stole it—twasn't her own. She was bald as a fish, and wore a wig. She used to tote about with an old black silk gown and hood, and her wig was flaxen enough, for I candilify believe 'twas made of flax. But she's dead—and been dead these ten pears, so it couldn't have been her, even if there was such a one seen."
"I think there was such a one seen."
"I think there was ache a one seen," said the eat," and she was about here this morning. She had some plums which she said were given her here."

her here."
"Zounds!" cried the baronet, in high dudgeon,
"I'd like to know if that rascally gardener has
been giving away my fruit. I'll call him and
find out."

nd out."

"I would. Call him at once," urged the earl, he was somewhat anxious on the subject.

"I will." And as Sir William spoke he arted up and pulled the bell-cord with great

folence.

Soon a servant appeared, and the baronet ortered that the gardener should be sent up at
once. Ere long the man made his appearance.
He was a stunt, rough, honest looking fellow
and one whom a thicf would be likely to avoid if

" Yes, zur-I did know it." returned the gar

"Yes, sar-I did know it," returned the gar-dener, in broad accesss.
"And do you know who did it;"
"No, zur, I doant. Last night I zhut th' gar-den up, art this mornin' I found the ploom trees be robbed. An' it's a fact, sur, there b'ant no træks at the gate nor at the wall."
"That's strange," said the baronet, consid-

erably vexed. "But tell me, Hugh, did you see an old woman about here this morning?"

"I did, zu," replied the man, speaking quickly, and clevating his eyebrows. "She be un old 'coman in black, an' ahe was so comin' high to your did, mrse, Sir William, Lai I could 'ave took my bounden oath afore the 'squire' at she cast the nurse. But you see I had the young colk by the nip, an' I couldn't git way to hall her. She be gone now, tho', for I couldn't find her nowheres."
"And where did you see this woman, Hugh!"
"In the park, an' she was makin' way for the road."

"In the park, an' she was makin' way for the road."

In the park, an' she was makin' way for the road."

I'll tell you what," said the latter, "just let this matter drop now, and I will get at it some how. And you," the earl continued, turning to the gardener, "must keep perfectly allent about this affair, for we want to find out who is the thief. You wont mention it."

The gardener was then dismissed, and after he was gone, Six William said, with a light smile:

"Seems to me you are very eager all at once to save my fruit?"

"I am, Six William, and when I have found the thief I will tell you why." The earl had found some light on the subject of his search.

"But you aim going to use poison?"

"No—six. But wait until I find the thief, and then you shall know."

The baronet said no more, for he had confidence enough in the earl to feel sure that nothing would be done out of the way, and also, that whatever was done, would be done for the best.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PATHER AND SON. AN EAVESDROFFER.

ALBION TIVERTON had been sent for to attend his father, and without hesitation he answered the summons. He found his parent in the drawing-room which had been appropriated to his private use, and after he had entered and closed the door behind him, he remained standings for some moments awaiting his father's commands. The earl was sitting at his table engaged in writing, and he did not look up until he had finished his sentence. Then he said, in a calm, business-like tone:

"Take a seat, Albion."

The youth seatch himself, and his father continued writing. Our hero could see that the subject that rested upon his mind was of more than ordinary import. At first he trembled with apprehension lest he were to receive some severe reprimand, but as he studied the countenance of his parent that fear vanished, for he saw that every emotion deplected upon it was of a kindly character. At length the earl had his pen aside and leaned back in his chair.

"My son," he said, while a proud light beamed in his clear, bright eye, "I have good nexe for you."

Albion leaned forward, but did not speak.
"I think that the history of our many records but few lastances of one so young as yourself receiving nucl honor. I have received from the

ed in his clear, bright eye, "I have good news for you."

Albion leaned forward, but did not speak.

"I think that the history of our may records that the history of our may records but few instances of one so young as yourself receiving such honor. I have received from the admiralty your commission."

"Commission?" utered the youth, starting up. "My commission?"

"Yes, my son. You are a lieutenant in the royal may,"

"Albion Tiverton gazed a moment into his chair, and it was sometime ere he could speak. He had not anticipated this. It was even beyond the history of the had alread to hope for was, that he might receive an appointment in some small vessel as acting matter. But to receive the full commission as a graded line tensant was to him almost an anomaly. Not that he felt incompetent to perform the duties of the office, but he had never allowed himself to think of such a thing.

"I have received a letter from the Lord High Admiral, and he states that you have—But I will read that portion of the letter."

The earl took up a heavily sealed envelope from his table and drew therefrom a letter, and having unfolded it he ran his eyes down the hage until he found the paragraph to which he alluded.

"Now listen, my son, and you shall hear it. 'And furthermore,' writes his lordship, 'let me say that your son richly merist the distinguished honor we have unanimously conferred upon him. At his examination, when he was passed, he evinced more practical knowledge and intuitive sense than many an older officer. In giving him his commission we are actuated alone by the desire to serve our nation, and we believe that he will be an honor to the important that it is upperly singform us that the first sign of insubordination yet remains to be shown by him, and that he neeve been faithful to his commands, and immediate upon duty. We believe that the limportance of the station he is now called upon to sustain will impress itself upon his mind, and that henceforth he will seasune that dignity which should characterize an office upon his mind, and that henceforth he will assume that dignity which should characteries an officer of his rank. He will feel this, we are sure. In concluding, allow us to congratulate your lording his possession of so noble and brave a son. Leutenam Tiverton will be called into service on the 29th day of September next, and at that time he will report himself here. So he has yet over two mouths for recreation, and, we trust, profulale study.

As the earl ceased reading, he folded the letter up and placed it back in the envelope, and then turning to his son he said, while a rich moisture gathered in his eyes:

"My bor, this has given me more real pleasure than any other event than has happened since

"My boy, this has given me more real pleasure than any other event that has happened since the moment when I first beheld your infant faco, and knew that God had given me a son. Now what are your feelings on the subject!"
"I cannot explain them, sir," replied the youth, struggling to keep back the happy tears that

came to his eyes. "I can only say that they shall find me as generous of duty as they have been of kindness and honor. I will never cast a stain upon the epaulette I am now entitled to

been of kindness and honor. I will never cast as stain upon the epaulette I am now entitled to wear."

"I believe you, my noble boy," cried the earl, arising from his chair, and grasping his son by the hand. "I believe you, and I believe, too, that you will honor your station. You must not forget that you are now a man."

"I shall not, sir," answered Albion, as he once more seated himself; and then, while a change came over his countenance, he added: "Perhaps you have not known fully the real feelings that have grown up in my soul. You have not known what hopes and aspirations have found a home in my heart. You know not how often I have looked forward to the manhood that is coming upon me, and studied how! I could best make it honorable and respected. To be usure I have been wild, but never recklessly so—I have been at times thoughtless, but not when duty demanded thought. The future shall show you whether your son shall honor the proud name he inherits, or whether he be unworthy of it."

The earl's lips trembled as he spoke, for his motions of gratitude and pride were deep and soul-sent:

"I fear not for that," he said, "I fear not for

sent:

I fear not for that," he said, "I fear not for
I only fear that I may be too proud—too

that. I only fear that a way one paper.

"Cherish what pride you will in me, my father, and I will endeavon never to crush it," uttered Albion; and as he spoke he laid his brow upon his hand, and the tear trickled down his cheeks.

For some time there was silence in the apartment, and gradually the thoughts of both father and son seemed to wander off upon another subment, and gradually the inoughts of soin nanor and son seemed to wander off upon another sub-ject. Albion was the first to break the spell, and when he spoke it was in a hushed, eager

voice:
"Father, you spoke to me of Belinds

"Father, you spoke to me of Warner."
The earl started as he heard that name, and his eye burned strangely. For the moment Albion feared that there was evil to him in that look.
"Yes, yes, I did," the parent replied, as he laid his hands together and clasped them sightly. "You remember you said you had selected her for my wife?" "Yes," returned the earl, vacantly, as though he were trying to think what he had said on some former occasion.

he were trying to think what he had said on some former occasion.

Twice did our hero attempt to speak before the words would come forth, but he calmed himself, for he saw that his father still looked kind.

"Then let me ask what your mind is now?" he said at length.

"You need not mention the girl's name to me again. I was blind when I conceived the idea. Belinda Warner is not the woman for your wife, nor yet for any man. She is—"

"What, father?"

"Never mind. Let her name pass for the present."

Albion felt much relieved for the moment, but soon there came a cloud over his soul, and he trembled. But he was regadved to speak now, and he turned towards his father with the fixed purpose of knowing the fate that was in store for him, for he had made up his mind since he had entered that room that he would take no important step in life without his father's full and free consent.

"Eather," he said, in a trervalous tree."

tant step in life without his father's full and free consent.

"Bather," he said, in a tremulous tone, "you remember that on the night when you spoke to me of Belinda Warner, there was also another name mentioned ""

"I remember," returned the earl, speaking coolly and thoughtfully.

"It was of a poor fisher-girl," resumed the youth, nervoul, You for you for you for you will have you will have you will have seen her."

"Yes. And I wanted you to see her."

"But I wanted you to converse with her."

"But I wanted you to converse with her."

"I have conversed with her. I have seen her alone, when she knew not who I was."

"You have!" uttered Albion in autonishment.

ment.
"Yes. I called there yesterday with Doctor

"Yes. I called there yesterday with Doctor Dillon."

Albion gazed hard into his father's face but he could read nothing there, and after another effort to calm himself he said:

"If you have seen her, then you may have learned something of her character?"

"I did."

"A did."

"And is she not all that you could ask for in a

"And is the not at max you could be a wife;"

"I am not sure of that, my son."
"Not sure," iterated the youth, convulsively.
"Is she not beautiful;"
"And intelligent!"
"I have seen but very few females of her age with so much true intelligence."
"And is she not pure-minded and virtuous!"
"And of a superior disposition!"
"And of a superior disposition!"
"And of a virtuous!"
"And do you not think her capable of loving a husband with her whole soul!"
"Yes."

"Yes,"
"And of being most true and faithful?"
"And of being most true and faithful?"
"Yes, yes, Albion—I cannot deny it. Alice
Woodley is a remarkable girl. I do not know
that I ever met with one more perfectly beaufied,
or less endowed with objectionable qualities."
"Then may I not make her my wife? I have
resolved that I will not take an important step
in life without your full and free consent, though
if Alice Woodley be torn from me I shall never
marry another."
"O, Albion," the earl said, while he shook
his head reprovingly, "you must not express
yourself too decidable V."

marry snosses.

"O, Albion," the earl said, while he snows his head reprovingly, "you must not express yourself too decidedly. You are yet young."

"I know I am young, but yet I can judge deeply of those feelings that have entered into my soul. The very circumstances under which my acquaintance with Alice Woodley commenced are peculiar, and with them her presence will ever be associated. I love her with my whole soul, and that love is founded, not upon sadden passion created by her matchless beauty.

but first upon deep gratitude, and next upon a knowledge of her worthiness and virtue. That there is a second to the second of t

behave this?"
"I cannot give my consent."
"Tell me truly—do you mean so? Are you fixed in that opinion?"

fixed in that opinion 1"
"I am, my son."
"I am, my son."
"Then," said Albion, in a tone which showed how poignant was the sting he felt, " my fate is fixed. I will not break my self-made promise. In me the house of Tiverton and Winchester must end, for I shall never—"
"Stop, my boy, you know not what you say."
"Ah, father, I know too well," the youth said, shaking his head sadly. "You have spoken that which shuts my heart up forever!"
"You forget your age, Albion. A few years of excitement in your noble profession will wipe this all out, and then you will thank me for what I have done."
"Say no moore, sir," uttered the young man."

"Say no more, air," attered the young man, rising to his feet. "You do not know me as I know myself. You have not know me as I know myself. You have crushed the last hope of joy in my soul, and henceforth I am but as an old man who has left earth and its pleasures behind him. If you could see my heart you would understand what I mean. But I shall not blame you, as I once thought I should, for I hope you mean me well. I shall see you again when this blow is worn away with prayer, and I hope I may live to be yet what once I pictured to myself. Parcwell, father." Stop, Albion."

The young man stopped and looked into history was the stopped and looked into history.

self. Farewell, father—"
"Stop, Albion."
The young man stopped and looked into his father's face. The earl had expected to see his son weep, and hear him burst forth into a paroxysm of grief and anger. He had not looked for such keen, deep anguish as he now howen possessed his son's soul, and he was moved. He saw the tearless anguish that tortured the boy's handsome features, and he knew that the heart was strained to its utmost.
"Albion," he continued, after gasing a few moments into his son's face, "I did not say that I would never give my consent."
"How!" intered the youth, starting forward.
"I did not say that I would never give my consent to your union with Alice Woodley. But I cannot give it now. Do not ask me why at present. Perhaps—mind—I say, perhaps—at some future time I may give my full and free consent; and if I do I will take Alice Woodley to my bosom and love her as a child. I

free consent; and if I do I will take Alice Woodley to my bosom and love her as a child. I hope you will place conifience enough in me to
trust me without asking further questions."

"O, most joyfully, father. You will consent,
I know you will."

"Be not too sure; but of one thing you may
be sure: Be my decision what it may, I shall
be governed alone by the dictates of a desire for
your welfare."

Albion sat down again and leaned his head
upon his hands, and now the tears started from
his eyes, but they were few, and the youth soon
succeeded in forcing them back.

"I shall write to the admiralty that you will
be on hand at the specified tune," said the earl,
again taking his pen and dipping it into the ink.

"Of course," returned Albion, looking up.

"Of course," returned Albion, looking up. At that moment there was a movement n At the moment here was a movement hear the door, and from sudden impulse Albion start ed up and opened it. He looked out into the corridor, and he saw the skirt of a female dress just disappearing around the angle of the

assage.
"What is it?" asked his father, as he return

ed to the room.

"Only an eavesdropper, that's all."

"Ital "Who!"

"It was Miss Warner's dress."

"Its was Miss Warner's dress."

"Miss Warner had better be thinking of the future," said the earl, and as he spoke, he resumed his writing. His hand trembled slightly, as though something of startling moment was upon his mind. Albion noticed it, and he thought his father was only vexed because the girl had been listening to their conversation.

CHAPTER XVII.

GLOOMY TRANSACTION

A GLOOMY THANSACTION.

WHEN LOrd Tiverton came out from his room he inquired for Belinda Warner, but she was not to be found. One of the servants at length informed him that she had gone down the road some half hour before, and turned into the cross path to Aldborrough; and soon afterwards he found Miss Warner's maid, and she informed him that her mistress had gone to see an old woman who lay sick a few miles distant. The eart shook his head when he beard this, and then went to seek. Sir William, while Albion rejoined.

earl shook his head when he heard this, and then went to seek Sir William, while Albion rejoined Tom and took his gun for a hunting excursion. It was on the following day that Alice Woodley sat in her sitting-room sewing. She had been very sad and thoughtful of late, for she had much to make her so. The visit of Lord Tiverton—the strange conduct of her mother, and her subsequent mediatcholy—and the startling event of the poisoned plums. At times one of these subjects alone would engross her thoughts, and at others the whole of them would dwell in her mind in wild, troublous confusion. She had not seen Albion since the visit of his father, and she

feared that she should see him no more. She tried to school her heart to this belief, and to this end she told herself that she could never be the wife of the man. she loved, and that is were best she should see him no more; but she could not make this stay in her soul, for just when alw would fain believe that she had succeeded the image of the noble youth would leep to her mind, and the startling love would spring up in her heart, and then she would hope that Albion might come to her once more, at least. She could not hidd from herself the fact that lasting separation from the idel of her soul would make her very miserable.

could not hide from herself the fact that lasting separation from the idol of her soul would make her very miserable.

The widow spoke but very little now. She moved slowly and thoughfully about her humble dwelling, and often tears would come to her eye. Xe it idd not seem to be for herself that she suffered, for when her cheeks were wet, and when ahe looked most sad, the name of her sweet child was upon her lips. She tried to hide all this from her child, but also could not. Yet Alice asked no questions.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon, and Alice had sat there by her window since dinner. She was just leaning back from her work, and thinking of taking a run in her garden, when she heard footsteps without, and on turning her head she saw a man approaching the house. He was a stout, powerful fellow, habited in the rough gast of a sailor, and when her sached the door he knocked loudly.

"Be there a Widow Woodley lives here?" he asked, as Alice made her appearance.
"Yes, sir."

"I must see her."

"Yes, sir."

"I must see her."

Alice called her mother, and in the meantime she invited the man to walk in; but he said
he could not stop, as he was obliged to keep on
towards Dunwich. Soon the widow made her

he could not stop, as he was obliged to keep on towards Dunwich. Soon the widow made her appearance.

"This be Mrs. Woodley?"

"It is, sir."
"Do you know the folks 'at live in the 'oase beyant the hill on the Saxmundham road?"
"Yes."
"Do you know the folks 'at live in the 'oase beyant the hill on the Saxmundham road?"
"Yes."
"Well—the old 'ooman what lives there be almost dyin', and they want ye to come right over, an' I told 'em as I were coomin' by here I'd tell ye. So good-by to ye."
The man having thus delivered his errand turned from the door and kept on his way. The exidow was not a woman to shat her ears to the call of the needy. She knew the honest people to whom the man had alluded, and without hesitation she prepared herself to visit them, promising her child that she would return before dark. Alice felt some strange misgivings when she saw her mother turn away from the cot, but she would not call her back. She tried rathereful. She did not go out into the garden as she had intended, but as soon as her mother was not of sight she returned to her window and sat down. She had hardly resumed her sewing when she heard footsteps again, and on looking out she saw the same man, who had just called, returning, and another accompanied him.

"Look here, miss," hesaid, entering the house without ceremony, "your little self is wanted too."
"Me—wanted 1" uttered Alice, starting to her feet. She was frightened, for the men, both of them, both of them,

"Mo—wanted?" uttered Alice, starting to ber feet. She was frightened, for the men, both of them, looked reckless and bad.
"Yes—you be wanted, so put on yer duds and coom along."
"But what—what mean you?" asked the poor girl, trembling at every joint.
"Never mind—only just coom wi' us, an' we'll tell ye in time. Where's yer hood an' yer shaw!"
Alice sizetes? but

with, tremening at every joint.

"Nover mind—only just coom wi' us, an' we'll tell ye in time. Where's yer hood an' yer hawel?

Alice started back and grasped her chair for support, for a fear of some dread evil came over her. She remembered the poison, and this seemed something of a piece with it.

"Are you goin' to move ?" cried the man, roughly. 'Cause if yer aint we'll just help ye. B'aint this yer hood an' shawl, ch."

The fellow had espied these articles hanging on a peg, and he took them down without fur ther cremony. Then he stepped forward and laid his broad, heavy hand upon the maiden's shoulder.

"B'aint these yourn ?"

"Yes, sir—but I cannot leave the house now."

"Can't, eh' B ythe top o' the skies ye must So coom along. An' don't ye cry, neither, cause if yer do you'll just get yer mouth stopped. D'ye understand ?"

Alice sank down upon her knees and clasped her hands, but the rufflans took no notice of her entreaties. They roughly lifted her to her feet and started towards the door. When they had reached the little front garden she sprang from them and rate with all her might, but she could not run far. She was soon overtaken, and when she cried out in her agony they tied a dirty handkerchilef tightly over her mouth, and then spoke for some time, but only seemed lintent on hurrying as fast as possible. At length they came to a point where the beach took a sharjur about a bluff, and just beyond here Alice saw a large boat moored close in to the short lura so the short was a large boat moored close in to the short lura so a to file little and must have been of some thirty or forty tons burden. When the men reached the place where the boat was fast one of them lifted Alice in his arms and waded out and put her on board, while the other case off the bow fast, and then waded out himself. The heavy asils were soon set, and ere long the languer was shooting swiftly out to sea.

Now the bandage was staken from the girl's mouth, and she was advised to put on the shawl and hood. The wind was a shauled to t

was hauled to the southward.

"Now, miss, you may go into the caddy if yo want to," said the man whom she had first seen, at the same time pointing to a door forward which opened into quite a large berth.

"Not now, not now," uttered the poor girl.
"First tell me what this means! Tell me where you are carrying me!"
"Spose'n we didn't know ourselves!" was the response.

6

why you have torn me away from my home?" Alice cried, with her hands clasped, and her oyes glaring almost wildly upon her ruffianly

captors.
"We don't know noth'n'," answered the first
"We don't know noth'n'," answered the first
villain, who held the tiller. "So you needn's
ask no questions, for you wont get no answers.
If you ken understand plain English I should
think you might understand that, now."
Alice looked up into the man's face, and she

If you ken understand plain English I should think you might understand that, now."

Alice looked up into the man's face, and she saw by the cold hardness that dwelt there that she had nothing to hope from him. At that moment she cast her eyes upon the shore and found herself just opposite her little cot. She could see the door open as it had been left when they dragged her out, and she could see the rose hathes and creeping honeysuckles that grew about her window. Then she thought of her poor mother, and she wondered how the stricken parent would feel when the returned and found the cot deserted. The thought shot like an ice-boilt to her heart, and she groaned in agought the wind was fresh, and the lugger flew ou. Soon the little cot was indistinct in the distance, and when Alice looked shorward again she saw the stoat walls of Linden Hall. She thought then of him whom she as fondly loved, and she wondered if he would not save her if he knew where she was. Then she thought of the proud earl, his father, and, like a spectre aright, came thought of this outrage in connexion with him.

Alice Woodley started up and cazed towards.

thin.

Alice Woolley started up and gazed towards the hall as though she expected to see a bloody hand extended from it. The thought was in her soul, and she gave it head. Perhaps, ahis was the way he had taken to save his one from the alliance. O, merey! how the will image of her fears ran riot upon her heart. She sank down and covered her face in the folds of her shaw!. Could it be that it was he who had prepared those poisoned plums? She thought a moment, and she knew it was not. First, his manner at the time of the discovery was proof enough, but, secondly, she had as stronger proof still—a proof that admitted of no question, and that was, the mark very self—his noble standing, and his pure character. And if the earl did not that, then he did not this, for surely the same hand was in them both. The thought was a relief to the girl's mind—a relief so great that for a moment she almost forgot the sad fate that had covertaken her. A while she sat there and wondered who could thus meditate harm against the part of the same hallows to come to the same hand wondered who could thus meditate harm against the put she could not imagine. She could remember many, many people to whom she had been kind, but not one—on one human being—not one living, sensible, feeling thing—could she remember of having harmed by either thought or deed.

"Don't you find it cold, miss?" asked the

"Don't you find it cold, miss?" asked the man at the helm.

Alice raised her face from beneath her shawl,

Alice raised her tace trom beneath her shawt, and gased up.

"O, sir, if you have mercy carry me back to ay home—carry me back to my mother. For he love of God, have compassion upon me. Fell me—O, tell me—how I have ever wronged on or done harm against you."

"You haven't, not as I knows on," replied to me.

"Then why do you treat me thus?"
"Didn't I tell you once that I shouldn't say

a word ?"

"Yes, yes—but you will answer that. You will tell me why you do this—whom you do it for ? In merey's name, tell me?"

"It's no use, miss, for I wont speak one word, so there's an end on't. Don't ye understand !"

so there's an end on't. Don't ye understand "'
Alice did understand very well, and once
more she hid her face beneath the folds of her
shaw!. The sun was fast sinking towards the
distant hills, and the air was already becoming
cool. The boat had now run off to the southward and castward until the land was dim in
the distance, and over and anon as Alice would
turn her eyes towards the coast she would look
towards the helmman as though to speak, but
she remembered his vow, and remained silent.

she remembered his vow, and remained silent.

At length the sum went down, and the shore
was lost in gloom. The men got out their compass and set it, and having lighted a lantern they
placed it where its rays would fall upon the
needle, and then the men changed places.

"Now, miss," said the man who had just
been relieved from the helm, and who was the
one that, had been foremost in her abduction, "if
you're as mids force it into the soils and I's of down.

been relieved from the helm, and who was the one that had been foremost in her abduction, "if you're a mind to get into the cabin an' lay down you are welcome to it. It's gettin' cold, an' I can promise ye it'll be colder yet afore it's warmer. If you'll go into the eabin I'll bank cotside; but i'f ye don't, I shall take it myself, an' then you'll have to stay out here whether or no. Come, what say ye i''.

Alice pondered a moment, and then asked: "How much longer shall you be out?"

"Don't know," was the laconic response.

The poor, gift said no more, but gathering her shawl more closely about her she went forward and entered the cuddy. She found the place almost spacious enough for her to stand erect, and there were four bunks in k. She selected one of the upper ones, and go, into it. She could feel that the bedding was coarse and raged, and from the faint glimmer that came from the last gleams of daylight that still lingered pon the water, she could see that it was dirty and rough. But she gave little heed to this—a simple shudder was all—and then she lay down.

But what feelings came to her as she lay there

a simple shudder was all—and then she lay down.

But what feelings came to her as she lay there in the deep gloom and heard the dull breaking of the sea upon the bows at her bead! I Her heart did not leap wildly now—it was crushed and aching. The very torture of agony was rioting in her soul, and the fire of keenest pain was running through every nerve and vein. She heard her captors conversing in low tones, and for awhile she listened attentively, for she hoped to learn something of their purpose concerning herself, but she could not understand them, and after trying come time is vain, she gave over the task and laid her head on the hard pillow. Grief had made her cyclids heavy, and at length she snik into a drowse.

THE BRIDE.

ey robed her in her bridal dress, nd joy were struggling in her breast ed a garland in her nut-brown hair, y kissed her forehead, white and fai

er's sweet, sad face, all wet with tears o her mind dear scenes of by-gone ye e of love the stricken heart may che not power to stay affection's tear.

Fair lady, 'tis my soul's most fervent prayer— That love's bright smile may lighten every on O, mayst thou find a peaceful, sheltering rest In thy new home, with pure affection blest.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

GOING INTO BUSINESS.

EMMA SARGERY was the wife of a young man who held a clerkhip in a large mercantile establishment in a well known city. His aslary was quite a liberal one—a thousand a year—out of which a considerable sum was annually laid by. They lived comfortably and contentedly; one performing duty without, and the other within. They had but little, certainly, to spend in the way of fashionable concerts, operas, and other expensive amaxements; but they seldom were without the luxury of a good book.

The snow-white cloth was laid for the evening meal. The light stone ware was as bright as linen and willing fingers could make it, and the food, prepared by her own hands, looked palatable and inviting. Striring the fire anew and dropping the window-shades, Mrs. Sargent ast down to wait for her husband. In a few minutes the door opened, but instead of the latter her brother Rufus made his appearance.

"Where is Edgart" he asked.

"He han't returned from the stone."

"He is nothing more or less than a slave to Brownell. I should think he'd get tired of being so tied up," remarked the new comer.

"He doesn't think so," said the sister, quietly." I suppose he goes out at eight in the morning, is allowed just time enough to swallow his united to don't get home until this hour at night. What a life for a man to lead!"

"But he is no more confined than hundreds of others. You were a clerk yourself, once, Rafus," she returned, smilingly.

"I know it, and that's the very reason why I have sympathy for him, though I never took half the interest in my employer's business that look one in Brownell's. But I hat to see an ambition man like Edgar, wasting his unusually fine business talents on people who don't appreciate them."

"But he may a good salary, brother; larger than the majority of clerks," urzed Mrs.

"But he has a good salary, brother; large than the majority of clerks," urged Mrs. Sar

than the majority of cierks," urged Mrs. Sar-gent, in reply.

"That may be; but he is worth several hun-dred a year more than he gets. Were I in his place, I should strike for higher wages immedi-ately. If I felt obliged to lead a dog's life, I would be paid for it; or at least make an effort to he."

to be."

"And perhaps lose your place altogether,"
suggested his sister.

"Very well—so much the better. He would
be in a situation, then, to do something for him-

suggested his sister.

"Very well—so much the better. He would be in a situation, then, to do something for himself."

"How!"

"By doing what I have so often recommended to him—going into business on his own responsibility."

"How can that be done without capital?"

"Ho has sufficient to commence with, and he can easily procure a couple of thousands when he needs them. Why, in a business that I can name, he could pay off this amount in two years, besides getting a handsome support. With a larger income, you could afford to live in better style. You ought to have a girl, Emma, to assist about the work; it really is not fitting that you should take so much upon yourself."

Emma Sargent laughed. Her round face and full figure gave so little evidence of hard labor or over-exertion, that she thought it possible her brother might be amusing himself at her expense, until a glance at his serious looking face induced her to give him credit for sincerity.
"Do I look as though I suffered from hard work?" she asked, playfully.
"I admit that you look charmingly—your checks are as red as cherries, and you certainly appear to enjoy excellent health. But one thing you must consider; you are continually at work, and get not time to appear in the street." replied the other.
"Will you please tell me why I should wish to appear in the street? Do you think the sphere of woman's dury is on the sidewalk in particular! Was I created only for the purpose of secing and being seen! What possible good should I accomplish by promenating fashionable thoroughfares! Besides, I have no elegant clothing which I wish to display! My personal attractions are certainly not above mediocrity, and there's nobody that I desire to please him the best by staying at home and attending to household affairs. A trivial employment, indeed, would it be for me to spend my time in covering and being and the process of fooking under ladies' bonnets, or making inspid and flippant remarks respecting their active. Believe me, brother, I have more self-respect and a

them in a pan of dough, or endanger my com-plexion by frying doughnuts over the kitchen

ove!"
"The fact is, my philosophical sister, you are
ning the work of servants," was the reply of

doing the work of servants," was the reply of Rafus Granger.
"Well, as long as it is necessary labor, and subserves the purposes of both economy and health, affording me amusement at the same time, I can hardly consider it a degrading ser-vice. It cannot be called slavery, because it is entirely optional with me whether I perform such labor or not. Drudgery, it cannot be called, any more than taking down and putting back-goods, haggling with customers about prices, or any kindred employment; and you do that kind of work every day. Now if I had to tell so many tough stories, indulge in such extravagant terms of praise, and reiterate so often the hackneyed declaration that you are selling below cost, as you do in disposing of half a dozen vards of ab-

of praise, and reiterato so often the hackneyed declaration that you are selling below cost, as you do in disposing of half ad onen yards of ribbon, I should feet myself infinitely more degraded than in baking a nice plate of white biscuit, patting the tea to steep, laying the table, or in performing any other household duty."

"You have very singular ideas, Mrs. Sargent. If you could only get time to write a few moral and cosnomical ceasays for some of the reformatory journals, you might finish out your character as a domestic, strong-minded woman. Well, such notions I suppose, are harmless, if not carried too far; but I really didn't imagina you were going to subside into an old woman with a head full of practical principles, so soon after marriage. I had thought that you might give considerable time to the cultivation of your musical tasts, the general improvement of your mind and manners—also make a laundable effort to get into the best society. If you were really ambitious, I think you would encourage Edgar to go into business for himself, in order that you might live more comfortably and independently; sink the kitchen and its kindred associations, and have the means of making a respectable figure in the world. As I have said, your husband has an excellent business talent, and might easily better his condition; make his mental capital bring him more than a paltry thousand dollars per anum. I am much his inferior in tact and business qualifications, yet you see I have throw up ny clerkship and am going on awimmingly."

"You have not tried the experiment long enough to be able to speak advisedly of its ultimate results. You are yet a novice—the merest acquite the continual results with a single condition; make his mental capital to round the results of the part of the without the condition of the part of the results of the part of the world. See the come in a paltry thousand obliary between the merest and the part of the par

"But you have something laid by, you know; as much as I had to begin with."

"What are a few hundred dollars? Why, to begin as I should wish to, I should be able to count my thousands. The moment I relinquish my salary, and go round begging for credit, I shall lose the glorious feeling of independence that I now enjoy. I am now able to pay my debta, or, more properly, to live without incurring them, and to procure very reasonable comfort necessary to my wife's happiness. Shebess her good sense—le contented, so am I. We have enough to eat, drink, and to wear, and good consciences make us merry. I am sure of receiving my salary, and am free from the care and responsibility of an establishment; have no heavy notes coming due, and am colliged to run from friend to friend, asking: "If they have anything over to-day." It's a dog if to threaths running from store to store to scrape together money enough to take up paper which must paid, in order to keep your concern in decent credit, and from tumbling down in a crash all bout your ears. Better be a day-laborer, hand-carman, hod-carrier, or a plantation negro, than lead such a miserable, truckling, dependent, precarious existence. What is one thus circumstanced? A mere cipher in the sum of basiness relations—the overliest slave of every one he owes, and of those from whom he wishes to borrow. What does he own? He can't call any thing his own in his store, or even his fraintiure at home, for that matter. All that he sees and handles belongs to the wholesale dealers. Is he respected among those with whom he transacts business? By no manner of means. They tolerate him, but don't 'drum up' such customers—save for moneys due. These no-capital merchant's smooth of the property of the white locks about your temples, to transform you into a venerable old geneties of the surface, or give him the power to sell goods when nobody wants them. I do not now feel myself rand, see may have a surface of the white locks about your temples, to transform you into a venerable old geneties o

" Six months?"

"Yes."

"That mode of business may possibly answer with a very few discreet and prudent people, but I feel very confident that I have not shrewdness enough to make the two ends meet in such a case. My own household expenditures would necessarily come out of the sale, beside clerk bire, store rent, and a score of incidental expenses, which, taken together, would make quite a formidable sum. No person, whatever his energies may be, can take up heavy notes without the money; cannot stave off his creditors a great while, however ingenious he may be at expedients. Such are my sentiments, honestly believen. while, however ingenious he may be at expedi ents. Such are my sentiments, honestly believ ed and frankly spoken. I will not go into busi ness yet; I will wait at least a year, and see how

ness yet; a will wait at least a year, and see now you succeed."

"This is a very republican country, so you can follow the bent of your inclination; for my part, I'm tired of selling goods for other people, when I have a fortune yet to make."

Thereupon the subject of conversation was changed, and the young man soon after left for

his own house. Rufus Granger, as will be perceived, had just entered into business for himself, as the phrase goes—poor business enough, it sometimes turns out to be for supiring clerks destitute of money. He had formerly been head clerk in a fourthing house, with the same salary that Sargent was then receiving. He got married—his wife was fond of show and gitter, rather drum on a piano than conform to circumstances and attend to her own work; preferred walking the streets to dusting the parlor, and putting things to rights, generally. As a consequence of this unfortunate disposition, she wanted a larger income. She give discontented, and so did he; and so after talking it over a while, he resigned his situation, procured credit, and launched upon the uncertain tide of trade. Things went along awimmingly for the first few months. A more spacious house was rested, new furniture bought, the old piano—a present from her father—was exchanged for a new one with elaborately oarred legy, Mrs. Granger had a new gold watch and chain, Mr. Granger treated himself to a new horse and bougy, and, in fact, it seemed to be an era of new things. Well, this was all very pleasant and agreeable—so long as it lasted; but the last day of the first six months brought him up with a jerk-knocked him fairly off his equilibrium, and he never got his mercantile legs on again. Sundry little manuscripts, with his name appended, were placed before him. He couldn't dispute his antiograph, and just over it were certain cabalistic characters, standing for a large amount. Notes are troublesome things—they turn up like bad pennies, when you aris looking for them; or they come, like accusing angels, to tell you how indiscreet you have been. Granger would have pocketed those hits of paper, if he could, but, unfortunately, he hadr't the cash—it had gone in various ways. Some of it was in the piano legs and French chair—sieme of it was on his wite's person when ahe was in the street—one of it was finally gave it up with a sigh of diappointment. The e

TURKISH SEAMANSHIP.

TURKISH SEAMANSHIP.

Dickens, in his Household Words, states that at the close of the Greek insurrection in 1829, the Turks turned every Greek out of their haval fight, work, and navigate their align themselves. The first they could do indifferently well, the second and third not at all. The seamen draught-do no board ship by the marine conscription did not know the use or even the name of one single on the country of the

SAFETY-VALVE FOR HOT-TEMPERED MEN.

SAFITY-VALVE FOR HOT-TEMPERED DEN.
What made the general an infinitely less disagreeable man in society than he otherwise would have been was the fact of his having a farm, which farm served him as a safety-valve to earry late in an easy, unevenful file, destitute of real grievances, as of the stirring active scenes to which he had been accustomed in his earlier days. If a gentleman finds it indispensable to water, that he should always have something to disappoint him, let him take to farming, his own land or another's, it is immaterial which, but let him "occupy" as it is called, a certain number "worry" and "anoxyne" as a the most tonic-craving disposition can desire. —Gen. Beunce.

A Nu's 's Wiss — Southey, in his "Omni ana," relates the following — When I was las at Lisbon, a man mads her escape from the nun nery. The first thing for which she inquire when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted, was a looking-glass. She had enter ed the convent when only the yam—And front that time had were seen her own face."



-us- The Flag of our Tuion. -- 34-

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] THE RUINS.

BY P. C. S. HUBLBUT

Where'er I turn, mine eye beholds
Ruins, majestic ruins! I climb the hill,
My favorite of hills, sadly and slow,
By contemplation led, and pleasant
Memories, with heart weighted down
By griefs which might not be repeated,
and when I gan its summit, like a
Way-worn pligrim sit me down
Among the crisping leaves.

The hards are dead and blockening by The burn; the flowers are in their graves, And woods are dead to mon; The trees stand out against the pale, Bline aft in hanner dabbled o're with Blood, as if in mothery of war, And more than mockety; While through you dim secolables, by bieds Togots, and flowers, and summer symphos, Togots, and flowers, and summer symphos, And in a wild soilloopy is lost.

Up youder hill his tonely manes Ts seen, half visible embowered in trees, Remote from very haunt of man, While he, strange being, hame and Poorly clad, finds here that solnce Which a world cannot bestow. His friends, the gottle winds, and the Quick, red submotes highting and the Quick, red submotes highting and the Quick, red submotes highting half before the property of the service of the property of the prope

O world of Ruins! cheeriess and ps Now are all thy templing woods, And in their mourning garments clad, fore the great funeral of Nature! And silence, how profound! eare that From yon sers, patriarchale dim, A Katy-clid, in its lone hermitage of Song, begins its mournfully solemn plain And chants the dole of night.

nat o'er yon, fan, where oft the win nace comes, with whistling note, in the state of the state of the state of the 's wine, is also be with the state of the 's wine, is also with the state of the blast; while two one butterties me gay of gold and purple, speciments with unumbered jove up bright in the pale sunshine, sund my lofty seat, then meelves amid, the blue.

THE SARACEN DWARF. A CHRONICLE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THE rich Jew, Issachar, attended by a servant, was riding slowly homeward, having been ten days absent on a journey to a brothe merchant in the neighboring city of York, with whom he had many dealings. From the perturbed looks which he from time to time cast on either side, it was evident that his mind was not free from apprehensions regarding his personal safety.

safety.

It must be confessed that his apprehensions were far from being groundless. England was not then the law-abiding country she has since become. Might took precedence of right, and the greatest atrocities were daily committed with impunity. Engenitally did this lawlessness affect the unfortunate countrymen of Issachar, who having to a great extent the monopoly of trade, annassed fortunes large enough to excite in a daugerous degree the cupidity of the bold barons who not unfrequently found their coffers in need of repelinshment.

eplenishment. Come hither, Benjamin," said Issachar to or repressament.

"Come hither, Benjamin," said Issachar to his attendant, who was riding a little behind, "draw neare me, and, hark ye, have your sword in readiness, for night draweth on, and I greatly fear me lest some of the unbelieving Nasareness may take advantage of the darkness to attack me, in hopes of wringing from me a portion of my hard-earned gains."

"Truly," said his attendant, who, like himself, was of Jewish extraction, "the times are perilous, and the hand of the police is heavy upon us. Heard you how Reuben, of York, was treated but a few neeks since 1"

"No. How was it;"
"No. How was it;"
"He was vayalied while on a journey, and conveyed to the cautle of Sir Hugh de Lancy, where he was tortured into the surrender of one half his sample possessions."

he was tortured into the surrender of one half his ample possessions."

"Father Abraham defend us! is it indeed so?

"Father Abraham defend us! is it indeed so?

He is an old friend of mine, this Reuben. Together we learned the art of trafficking, from Ben
David, the great merchant. I grieve greatly
that he should have fallen into the hands of these

"Billistines."
"Billistines, air Jew 8" said a deep voice near at hand. "Is that the way you speak of your superiors? It is time you were taught better manners."
Isaachar Insan-1

manners."

Isaschar turned round with a sinking heart, and beheld to his dismay the stern face of a man-at-arms, whom he easily recognized as one of the followers of the Norman baron, Sir Reginald de Courey, over whose domains he was now travalling.

de Courcy, over whose domains he was now travelling.

"Nay," said he, apologetically, "take no offence, my master, I meant no disrespect."

"Meant no disrespect is So it is no disrespect to call a noble baron a Philistine. Beshrew mes, Jew, if I do not think you are growing too purchasely outside the counsel a little letting of the blood, which with thee and thy race is but another name for gold. How likest thou the prescription?"

"Not over well," said the Jew, nervously, anxious to get away from his interlocutor, of whom he entertained an undefined feeling of apprehension. "Not over well, but I must bid thee a good-dight, as it is growing late, and I have affairs that demand my instant attention. Hasten, good Benjamin, we must put spurs to our steeds."

"Nay," said their chance companion, ecolly laying his hand on the animal which Issachar bestrode, "not so fast, my good friend. Perchance thou mayst find other matters which demand thy attention still more weighty."

"Delay me not, good sir," said the Jew, in a tone of entreaty, "there can be no dealings between me and thee, since, so far as my knowledge goes, this is the first time we have ever met."

edge goos, this is the size that I am sorry to put you to inconvenience, master Jew, but it is absolutely necessary that you and should accompany me to the castle of my master, Sir Reginald de Courcy, who, I very well know, is just at this time most anxious to see one of thy race."

"I know him not," said Lesachar, turning pale, for he well knew the reputation of the barron, and that, once in his clutches, he would not escape without paying a heavy ransom. "I

baron, and that, once in his clutches, he would not seeape without paying a heavy ransom. "I know him not," said he, hastily, "and therefore he cannot wish to see me. Let go thy hold and arrest my progress no longer. Already am I friene minutes detained through thy means."

"It is needless talking. You must go with mo," was the firm realive.

"It is needless talking. You must go with me," was the firm reply.

"Nay, then, I must force myself away," said Issachar, striking the spure deep into his horse's sides, and endeavoring to urge him forward, at the same time calling out to his attendam:
"Draw your sword, Benjamin, and spur for-ward. He is but one, and we must make resis-tance."

ward. He is but one, and we must make resistance."

The stranger applied a hanting-horn to his lips, and drew a blast. Instantly from the covert hard by, sprang a half dozen of his companions, who were lying in ambush.

"How now!" was his triumphant reply, as he beheld the dismay pictured in the faces of lasschar and his attendant, "you will secape now, will you?"

Issachar looked for a moment at the stern faces which surrounded him, as if to discover whether an appeal would do bin any good. Apparently, however, the result was unfavorable, since, without a word of remonstrance, he such with the was led, between two men-at-arms, in the direction of Sir Reginald's castle.

His captors annused themselves with hantering him upon his creat-fallen appearance.

"Nay, man, never look so sober. You may be sure our master will be rejoiced to see you, and will give you a rousing welcome. He will be very sorry to part with thee, Jew. I fear me he will not consent to let thee go at all, unless thou consent to leave behind something by which he may remember thee,—a thousand pieces of gold or so."

So saying, they laughed at their own rude wit. As for Issachar, his mind was too much occu-

thou consent to leave beams sometiming by whose is may remember thee,—a thousand pieces of gold or so."

So saying, they laughed at their own rude wit. As for Isaschar, his mind was too much occupied with gloomy apprehensions of what was in store for him, to note the raillery of those about him. At length the frowning walls of the castle made their appearance. At a signal the drawbridge was lowered, and the whole party entered the court-yard.

Sir Reginald de Courcy sat in his banqueting-hall, at the head of his retainers. Besides his own household, there were present two reverend abbots, each of which presided over a neighboring monastery. The hall rang with cries of "wassail," in obedience to which the company would lift up the immense beakers usual in that age, and quaff them with an appearance of enjoyment which evinced that their thirst was not easily slaked.

Of all the knights who marched forth under the standard of the cross to the rescue of the Holy Sepalchre, perhaps no one was more famed for prowess, or struck more terror into the hearts of the foemen, than Sir Reginald de Courcy. Wielded by his powerful arm, the battle-axe became a weapon before which whole squadrons of the enemy fell as the grain falls before the sickle.

But in the courtesy of a true knight, Sir Reginald was wasting. Brute strength and untannal manner and the strength and untannal manner.

before the sickle.

But in the courtesy of a true knight, Sir Reginald was wanting. Brute strength and untamable passions, with the love of oppression to which
they naturally lead, were his chief characteristics. Not one of his followers but blenched with
fear when the frowning cyo of his chief was upon

fear when the frowning eye of his chief was upon him.

Such was Sir Reginald de Courcy, who now, but recently returned from the Holy Land, was holding a feast of rejoicing for his safe arrival.

At length the feast, which had been long protracted, terminated. All had caten to repletion. At a signal from the knight, the tables were divested of the fragments of the feast. Then it was that Sir Reginald, having first smote the table before him with his iron gloved hand, in order to command general attention, turned to the abbots, and said:

"Reverend fathers, I have somewhat to show you, which mag give you cause for wonder. While in the Holy Land, I beheld in the ranks opposed to me, a Saracen dwarf not over three feet high, who, in spite of his small size, was contending most manfally. The finney setzed me to take him alive and bring him home, as a source of amasement. I am aur you will concless, after seeing him, that you have never beheld the like."

fiess, after seeing him, that you have never beheld the like."

At a signal from Sir Reginald, two of his attendants left the hall, and quickly returned with the person to whom allusion had been made. He was scarcely three feet high, having, as is usual in such cases, a head whose size was very disproportionate to the rest of his body. His abnoluters were broad, his chest deep, and his arms of such length that, when standing erect, he could without difficulty touch the floor with the ends of his long flogers. His hair, parted in the middle, hung down in long elfia locks by the side of a countenance whose swarthy hae clearly indicated his Oriental origin.

Altoguher, Hafim, for such was his name, was a most singular looking being, and well calculated, in that supersitious age, to give rise to the opinion that he was acquainted with the secrets of the infernal powers, if not actually in league with them.

Every eye was turned upon Hafim as he entered. The abbots, who were not prepared to behold anything quite so uncouth, simultane-

ously crossed themselves, and exclaimed, below their breath, "The saints preserve us !"
"Saw you ever the like, holy fathers "saked the knight, turning to his guest." I could not have believed that nature could bring forth such a wonder of deformity."
The dwarf, who had been standing passively, suddenly shot a malignant glance from understanding the same than the latter to start back.
"Does he understand our language !" inquired he hastily of the baron, who had not noticed this circumstance.

hasily of the baron, who had not neticed this circumstance.

"Yes, he has some knowledge of it, I believe," replied Sir Reginald. "I will command him to dance, and you shall see."

"Sir dwarf," said he, turning to Hafin, "these reverend fashers are very anxious to see you dance. Will you favor us with a specimen of your skill."

The dwarf was passive for a moment, and, on the request being repeated, inclined his head in the negative.

"How now, sirah!" exclaimed the knight, his passions quickly taking fire, "would you refuse! Then, by all the saints, we shall see whether I am to be disobeyed with impunity. Rodolph, heat me that iron hot."

He pointed to a long iron instrument, with a wooden handle, laying near him. It was heated accordingly.
"Now," he continued, "apply is to the legs of that heather doe, ill he sees fit to dance, as I

wooden handle, laying near him.

It was heated accordingly.

"Now," he continued, "apply it to the legs of that heathen dog, till he sees fit to dance, as I command him."

"Now," he continued, "apply it to the legs of that heathen dog, till he sees it to dance, as I command him."

The expedient proved completely successful. With yells of pain and rage the dwarf leaped about with most surprising agility, gnashing his teeth the while with impotent anger. It was a sight well suited to afford anusement to a mind like that of Sir Reginald. With shouts of laughter he marked the uncouth performances of Harin, till he was obliged, in self-defence, to order his tormentor to desists. Hafim darred a look of the most malignant and vindictive hatred a look of the most malignant and vindictive hatred towards the knight, which, in his hilarious mood, only made him laugh the more months of the most make a many language of the towards the knight, which, in his hilarious mood, only made him laugh the more months of the most many laughter of the rich and the state of the rich and securely fastenced. By and-by I will give him andience."

"I am about to do the church good service," he resumed, addressing the abbots, "or, in other original particular of the part of the part of the substance of the church."

"You will do very right, my son," returned he Abbot Wiffred. "The unbelieving dogs monopolite all our wealth, defrauding those who are rightfully entitled to it. But I trust you will not forget the church, but lay a tithe of the spoils upon the altar."

"That depends on what I get," was the careless reply.

Not long afterwards the abbots withdrew to the chamber provided for their entertainment, where the rest and the abbots withdrew to the chamber provided for their entertainment, where the supplemental the abbots withdrew to the chamber of the chamber of

spois upon the sitar."

"That depends on what I get," was the careless reply.

Not long afterwards the abbots withdrew to the chambers provided for their entertainment, and the knight, commanding the attendance of the dwarf to hold the lamp, descended to the less commodious apartment which had been provided for Issachar. The Jew was crouching in a core of the dungeou, to which he was confined by heavy manacles.

"How like you your accommodations, sir Jew?" asked the knight.
"Not over much," returned Issachar.
"You would like to be released?"
"Yes, so please your nobleness. May the blessings of Abraham light upon your head, if you will but dismiss me."

"Why, as to that, I can't say that I care particularly about those. You may keep them all for yourself. However, I will release you upon certain conditions."
"What are they!" said the Jew, apprehen-

certain conditions."
"What are they?" said the Jew, apprehen-

for yourself. However, I will recease you upon certain conditions."

"What are they!" said the Jew, apprehensively.

"The payment of a thousand crowns, and a complete suit of armor for myself, and also a horse of the best breed, fully caparisoned."

"Holy Abraham!" exclaimed Issuchar, lifting his hands in dismay. "You would ruin me completely. The whole of my fortune, with all that I could borrow, would not be sufficient to defray so great an expense. Nevertheless, I would provide you with the horse and armor, if you would omit the thousand gold pieces."

"Tash, Jew," said the knight, sternly, "this mere trifling. You would only the wellow you are poor, when everybody knows you as Issachar, the rich Jew. It is a trick of your race. Come, will you sign a bond for the payment of the sum and arricles I named?"

"So help me, I cannot," returned the Jew." "So help me, I cannot," returned the Jew." "If it were in the compass of my fortune—"

"Jew," said Sir Reginald, sternly, going to a corner of the dungeon, and throwing saide a scarlet cloth, which revealed that most featful of all tortures, the rack, "look, and consider whether you had best submit to the loss of a portion of your extortionate gains, or die a featful and lingering death."

"I can give no other answer," said the Jew, obourately. "What I have not, I cannot give, though I were to be torn limb from limb."

The knight turned to another portion of the apartment, and lifting aside a huge trap-door, revealed the mouth of a deep pit, asying, in a stern voice:

"In that pit, Jew, one of your countrymen,

stern vice:

"In that pit, Jew, one of your countrymen, years ago, was plunged, because, like you, he was obdurate. Would you join him? I swear to you that, if you comply not with my commands, sach shall be your fate."

mands, such shall be your rate."
"Nay, rather yours, proud knight!" was hissed forth by the dwarf, as he pushed forward the knight, who was standing on the brink, with such fearful force that, entirely unable to recover

himself, he fell down with a cry of mingled rage and apprehension, endeavoring vainly to arrest his descent by clutching at the sides of the

his descent by customing as use suces to sur-pareture.

"Revenged! revenged!" shrieked the dwarf, laughing with most unearthly laugh, as he looked down fits the fearful depth.

Taking advantage of this unexpected conjunc-ture, Issachar bribed the dwarf for a small sum to let him out of the dungoon, whence he speed-ily made his way to his own home. As for the dwarf, nothing was seen of him from that days. The retainers of Sir Reginald, unable to account for the disappearance of their lord in any other way, publicly reported that he had been spirited away by Satan, whom they believed to be one and the same with The Saracen Dware.

LAME, BLIND AND HALT.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

"Was there ever such a jealous fellow-al-ways contriving some new test to subject my affections to?" said Julia Harvey to her sister, Mrs. Fanny Markham, as she handed her a

Mrs. Fanny Markham, as she handed her a letter.

It was from Julia's lover, Captain Paul Wilton, an officer of the United States infantry, who wrote to prepare her to receive him. He told her that she would find him much changed, for he had been wounded in the leg and tost his left arm in Mexico; that he felt it his duty to say that he should not hold her to her engagements, though he loved her as devotedly as ever. Now it so happened that Julia had a correspondent in the army, from whom she discovered that the captain had received no injuries, and that this story was concected purely as an additional test of the devotedness of the fair one.

"We'll pay him off for this trick, Julia," said Mrs. Markham. "Come with me, and Tl instruct you how to give him change in his own coin."

Shortly after the ladies had retired, Captain Wilton, pluming himself on his stratagem, was

struct you how to give him change in his own coin."

Shortly after the ladies had retired, Captain Wilton, pluming himself on his stratagem, was shown into the drawing-room. He had buttoned his arm up in his coat and the left sleeve hung empty, while he counterfeited a halting gait, and had put a huge piece of plaster on his left cheek to cover an imaginary sabre-cut.

In a few minutes Mrs. Markham appeared. "Returned at last!" cried she, warmly shaking his hand. "My dear, dear Paul."

"There's not much left of me—little better than half," said the soldier. "Heft my arm at Chapattepee."

"Poor dear Paul!" said the lady. "And how is your leg 3"
"Yery poorly. I am troubled with daily ex-

"Poor dear Paul!" said the lady. "And how is your leg!"
"Very poorly. I am troubled with daily ex-foliation of hone."
"Poor Julia!" sighed Mrs Markham.
"Sho will be very much affected at the change in me, will she not!" saked the captain.
"O, dear, no! I was thinking of the change in her?"
"Change in, her!"

in her !"

"Change in her !"

"What! Haven's you heard !"

"Mo! a word."

"Ah! I see—she was afraid to write you.

She has lost all her beauty."

"Lost all her beauty!"

"Yes—you know she was never vaccinated."

"Never vaccinated!"

"No—and she has had the small pox, verr,

"No-and she has had the small pox, very, very badly. Poor Julia! She has lost the sight of her right eye. Her face is very much discolored. Her nose is terribly red."

"A red nose!"

ored. Her nose is terribly red."

"A red nose!"

"Yes. It don't much matter about her eyes
—she wears blue spectacles."

"Blue spectacles and a red nose!" exclaimed

"Blue spectacles and a red nose I" uxuamusche captain.

"But you don't mind that. Beauty is nothing," said Mrs. Markham, who was ravishingly beautiful herself. "You loved Julia for her heart—you always told her so. And as you are so maimed and disfigured yourself, why, you can sympathize with and console each other. You'll be a very well assorted couplo—three arms and three eyes between you."

be a very well assorted couple—three arms and three eyes between you."

"And a red nose and blue spectacles!" groaned the captain.

"Hush! Here comes Julia!" said Mrs. Markham. "Don't appear shocked. Julia, my dear, here's the captain."

The door opened and Julia entered. She had painted her face most artistically; a pair of blue spectacles concealed her fine black eyes, but the marvellous feature of her face was the nose—it glowed with all the brilliancy of a carbuncle.

"O! deer Paul!" said she, "poor dear Paul—how much you must have suffered!"

"I have one arm left for you to lean on," said the captain; gallantly.

"But you are lame. We can never dance the Schottische more!"

tlly.
"But don't you find me hideous?" asked the "Bat don't you find me hiseous ? measure fair one.
"Not exactly, dearest," said the poor captain.
"The tip o' rour nose is rather a warm color, to be sure."
"O, the doctor says it will settle into a purple, by-and-by."
"O, he does—does he?" said the captain, abstractally.

stractedly.
"Do you think I should look better with a pur-

"Bpe nose ?" asked Julia.

"Speak not of it," said the captain. "But tell me, when you heard of my injuries were you not inclined to relinquish my hand ?"

"Not for a moment."

"Then forgive my deception," said the captain. "Here is my left arm as sound as ever. I have no wound upon my cheek; I can dance from dark till dawn."

"How could you be so crue!" said Julia. "It is my turn to ask you whether you are still willing to faild your engagement with me?"

"With all my heart!" said the captain. "I am grieved for the loss of your beauty, I confess; but your heart and mind are dearer than your person."

"Excuse me for a moment," said the lady," I must retire for a few minutes." In an instant, she returned, radiant, in all the glory of her charms.
"Paul!" said she "how do you like me now?"

now 4" You've an angel 1" said the captain, holding ber in both his arms. "How could you try mes occruelly with the 'red nose and blue specateles!" "Not a word of that," said the beauty. "It was sister's plan to punish you for a trick. We had friends in camp who exposed your jealons folly, and it was only it for tat." "It deserved it all," said the captain. "And here I you I'm cured of jealousy forever." When they were married—which followed, as a matter of course, they were pronounced the handsomest couple that ever submitted to the matrimonial noose.

THE SWORD OF MY FATHER.

Have any of our fair readers seen a storm at sea? Have they stood upon the shore and watched the raging of the elements, or, still more appalling, have they trembled in the frail bark that seemed every moment about to thive more appalling, have they trembled in the frail bark that seemed every moment about to thive more appalling, have they trembled in the frail bark that seemed every moment about to thive more apparatus of the season. "The sea and the wares were roaring," and men's hears might well be failing them for terror. The rush of the more apparatus of the season, which is the season of the season of the season, which can be likened to no earthly thing; their majesty admits of no similitude. Now high on the crested wave, now how in the deep, deep, drowning valley, with the overtopping waters arching and leaging over, rode a poor vessel, as a shriviled key gallant sailors were doing all that desperate men might do. Despair made their exertions almost superhuman, while the commander stood with so intense an anactiy marked upon his face as if he felt himself responsible for the life of every soul ment. Evenity hung on that moment of time. And if anything could have added to the all-aborthing interest of that moment, it might have been found in the presence of two individuals seemingly perithing vossel. These two were a father and daughter. The noble presence of the one and the trembing beauty of the other made them conspicuous, even in that hour of nature's strife and life's most ferrill peril. The father were a father and daughter. The noble presence of the one and the trembing beauty of the other made them to a string of the soul father than the string that the father striven to comfort her; to lift her which is not the story of the other made them the father striven to comfort her; to lift her while the father striven to comfort her; to lift her while the father striven to comfort her; to lift her whill be a string that the father striven to comfort her; to lift her while the fa

LOVE CURED BY HYDROPATHY.

LOVE CURED BY HYDROPATHY.

The Elgin Courant gives an amasing narrastree of the Elgin, ind themselves of the imperiment attentions of a pair of young brainless wooers. These latter, in spite of all repulses, persisted in annoying the young ladies, and at ast conceived the idea of showing their devotion to their great surprise, a window was thrown up to their great surprise, a window was thrown up to their great surprise, a window was thrown up to their great surprise, a window was thrown up to their great surprise, a window was thrown up to their great surprise, a window was thrown that the two objects of worship appeared, and informed the professedly love-sick swains that they would at once be secretly admitted to remain quietly until their conductors could go ound another way and open the inner door of ound another way and open the inner door of the prisoners stand on a cold stone floor in treminous anxiety. Five minutes pass, yea, ton, and no appearance of the ladies. After some mystication, the gents discover, to their amazement, that they are in a blatch of the surprisoners that they are in a blatch of the prisoners and the priso

most effectual.

"THE LUNATIC COMMITTEE.

"Have you heard anything of the lunatic committee yet!" saked Mrs. Partington, at the City Hall, of the messenger, as he gracefully handled he his sunffices, at the same times the latest the property of the same times and the table into the inkstand. He informed her that they had, and that they were well taken care of. "I'm glid to hear of it, poor creatures," replied she, "and hope they will be sent back to said she, raising her finger and losing all her soulf by the gesture. "We are perfectly unreasonable without it." She looked at the measurager earnestly, as if courting contradiction, composed of cray people, madam, but simply a committee sent off to inspect lunatic asylams in other places." She thought a moment, and said that it made very little difference, leaving the there was little difference between a common councilman and a lunatic, or wrong in her conception of the matter, and he is doubting to this hour.—Post.

Men can hardly be of gaining the estee their wishes contrary



PARTHE LINE FLAG of our UNION SON STANKER SOLD

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR

The terms of TER FLAG OF OUR UNION are \$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

** o * All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to F. GLEASON, Bosto Mass., proprietor of The Flag or one Union, post paid

"Susan anisy's sain," a numerous sector by THS Uni"Borrowing Trouble," a domestic story by Mrs. S. P.
DOGHEY,
"The Stoden Will, or, The Worker in the Dark," a tale
by SILANDE CORE, JR.
C. CLARYWAGGT.
"A Morning Reverse"
"A Morning Reverse"
"The Lover's Lament."

"A Friendly Wish," "Wister," "Lines on the Beath of W. E.," "Beauty," "Who Sailor's Farewell," "To Meocytice," "Lines witch in a Mish," "Memory of Meocytices," "Lines written in a Mish," "Memory of Death of a Friend," of A. M. G.," and "Lines on the Death of a Friend,"

TO OUR PATRONS.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The undersigned, after ten years of unprecedented business success as a publisher—years of uninterrupted and agreeable association with the reading public, and the army of subscribers whose names grace the list of "The Flag of our Union" and "Glesson's Pictorial"—having realized an ample competency, fully commensurate with his desires, now retires from business altogether. In doing this, he feels at a loss how to proportly express himself. Flex; in what form to properly express himself. First, in what form to say farewell to those with whom he has held such long and pleasant intercourse; and second, in what language to return his grateful acknowledgements for the unequalled patronage he has received, and the kind feelings which have ever been expressed towards him and these publica-

He feels largely indebted to his brother publishers of the press throughout the country for the unanimous voice of approval with which it has greeted these journals from week to week and hopes that the same success which he has himself realized, may be experienced by each and all of them in their arduous and peculiar calling. It is highly gratifying to the under-signed, not only to leave the establishment and signed, not only to leave the establishment and the paper in the height of success, but also to know that the whole business passes into the hands of one who is no stranger to its minutest detail—one who has been associated with himself in its guidance from the very commencement. In leaving the establishment in Mr. Baktou's hands, who now becomes sole proprietor, the undersigned fully realizes that not the least por-

tion of interest or value of the concern will be taken from it, but that the same excellence and liberality of management will characterize its progress as heretofore, embracing a series of brilliant plans designed to vastly beautify and improve the papers in the coming new volumes commencing on the first of January.

With these few remarks the undersigned de sires most cordially to bid farewell to one and all, and earnestly to recommend the establish-ment, and its well known new proprietor, to their kindest consideration.

F. GLEASON.

It will be seen by the above that FREDERICK GLEASON, Esq., publisher and proprietor of "The Flag of our Union," and "Gleason's Pictorial," has disposed of his business, and entire interest in his publishing house, to the undersigned, to whom he has referred in complimentary terms, as to his long association with him in business.

Our readers, however, cannot be told in minutiæ of the years of pleasant and profitable associa tion that have transpired between both parties, though they are here assured of the cordial and friendly feeling with which the present business arrangement is consummated.

The titles and the same general characteristics of the papers will be continued, and no effort will be spared to enhance the value of both, as well as the Magazine, which is to comme with the new year. Many new and popular fea tures will be introduced, and the large patronage so long extended to these papers, shall be fully merited by increased worth and additional at tractions.

M. M. BALLOU.

*** All communications addressed to this establishment, of whatever nature, will be hereafter directed in accordance with the above.

LORD BROUGHAM.—A French writer states that Lord Brougham is at the present time re-siding at his chateau at Cannes, in the South o France. His form is bowed by the winters of seventy-seven years, but his step is firm, and his face full. His mental powers are unimpaired.

SILVER.-The product of the silver mnes Mexico for the year 1850 exceeded that of the rest of the world by one million of dollars—the total yield being \$33,000,000.

FLOWERS AND PERFUMERY.

Some idea of the importance of perfumery as an article of commerce, may be formed, when it is stated that one of the largest perfumers of Grasse, in Prance, employs annually 10,000 lbs. of crasse flowers, 8,000 lbs. of crasse flowers, 8,000 lbs. of crasse flowers, 8,000 lbs. of tuberoses, 16,000 lbs. of filac flowers, besides resemary, mint, lavender, thyree, lemon, orange, and their odorous plants, in like proportion. Flowers yield perfumes in all climates, but those growing in the warmer latitudes are, it seems, the most prolific in their odor, while those from the colder are sweetest. Though many of the finest perfumes come from the East Indies, Ceylon, Mexico and Pera, the south of Europe is the only real garden of utility to the perfumer. Grasse and Nice are the principal seasts of the growers, within comparatively short distances, the only real garden of utility to the perfumer. Grasse and Nice are the principal seast of the growers, within comparatively short distances, have at command that change of climate most applicable to bring to perfection the plants required for his trade.

On the sea coast his cassis grows without fear of frost, one night of which would destroy all the plants for a season; while nearer the Alps, his volets are found sweeter than if grown in the warmer situation where the orange tree and mignonette bloom to perfection. England, however, can claim the superiority in the growth of lavender and preparative; the essential oils extracted from these plants grown as Mitcham, in Surrey, realize eight times the price in the market of those produced in France or cleewhere, and are fully worth the difference for delicacy of odor.

CAPRICE OF A SINGER.

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CAPRICE OF A SINGER.

Mademoiselle Cruvelli, the famous cantatrice, was recently engaged at the grand open at Paris, for the term of eight months. She was to sing but twice a week during that time, and was to receive for her services the comfortable little sum of one hundred thousand francs. On the day before her first appearance, however, she discovered that her name had not been printed upon the play bills in larger characters than the names of the other actors and actresses, and indignant at what she considered an outrageous imposition, she immediately abscended from Paris, and the poor manager, after writing and waiting in valin for her appearance at the theater, was obliged to refund the moony taken at the doors, and close the house for the evening. But the affair was a serious one. A proseculion was doors, and close the house for the evening. But the affair was actious one. A prosecution was entered against her for a breach of her engagement, and the furniture and other property at her residence was seized for security. Thus matters stood at last accounts. Mademoiselle Cruvelli had not made her appearance, and no-body knew where she had gone. Her servants said that, on the morning of the departure, she had gone out as if for a walk, leaving all her money, trinkers, and property behind. Her most intimate friends declared that she had acted under the advice of M. Herbert, the Minister of Justice under Louis Philippe.

SPURIOUS LIQUORS.

SPURIOUS LIQUONS.

It is so well understood that opparent foreign wares, etc., are anything but what they purport to be, that to publish the fact seems superfluous. However—an old fact attested is good as new, and the following, having judicial sanction, may be worth sating. The recent opening of a "liquor case" in one of the New York courts puts Heidsick at a discount. Some notable things were developed touching the manufacture of cider into the choicest brands of champagne. Empty champagne bottles are bought at the hotels and other places, the labels are ingeniously imitated, and the whole finishing and packing are in exact resemblance of the genuine article. The effervescence is given to the cider by forcing air into the bottles. This spurious champagne is sold in great quantities to the hotels and to dealers, and the quantity of it drank doubtless greatly exceeds that of the genuine importation. Many a man smacks his lips over Heidsick or Schneider, that was never nearer France, than Newark.

PROPERTIES OF GLASS.—Glass, in ductility, ranks next to gold. Its flexibility, also, is so great, that when hot, it can be drawn out like elastic thread, miles in length in a moment, and to a minuteness equal to that of the slikworm. It is so elastic that it can be blown to a gaussilite thimsels, so as easily to float upon the air, and a globe of it, hermetically sealed, if dropped upon a polished anvil, will recoil two-thirds the distance of its fall, and remain entire until the second or third rebound.

PRESENTIMENT.—The present emperor of the French, when in this country, remarked, it is said, to a gentleman at West Point, with whom he was on terms of intimancy. "My sphere of action, at no very distant date, will be at the head of the French nation. I am very sorry for it; but who can control his destiny? Fate decides these matters, and we have nothing to do but to obey her dictates!"

A NEW ESCULINY.—A new tuber, the Chi-nese Yam, has been introduced in Paris, from China, which the experimentists say possesses all the requirements of the potato, and may take its place as a culinary vegetable. Specimens intro-duced in England, also thrive well.

GLEARON'S PICTORIAL—This weekly periodical come regularly to our table, and is most hearfilly welcomed lie stories are capital, its poetry good, its mikeeliam, performed the pictures beautiful and well executed.—

AWFUL DEATH.—Near Kenosha, Wis., lately a drunken man was literally devoured by hogs while lying in the road, in a state of beastly

QUICKSILVER .- The production of quicksil ver in California is getting to be a large business.

Great quantities are shipped to South America
and China.

TRY IT.—If you think twice before you speak nce, you will speak twice as well for it.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

A disastrous fire occurred in Lockport, N. Y., 2d inst., laying in rains much of the town. Ward's Block, Dunkirk, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire, with its contents, the 2d inst. The city of Savannah is said to be entirely free from the epidemic which has prevailed there. The number of immates at Deer Island Hospital, Boston Harbor, 1st inst., was 336. Mannee city, Ohio, was risarly destroyed by fire on the night of the 28th ult.
Neady a donce clerypmen will be in the next Legislature of the State of Maine.
During October there arrived at New York 351 steamers and packets, with 39,630 passengers.
A wise man known his own ignorance; a fool thinks he knows everything.
The price of flour is now falling in the New York market about as rapidly as it went up.
No fewer than fitty-four newspapers are now published in California.
The Paris (Maine) jail has been tenantiess for more than six months past.
One man died and one child was born at the recent advent camp meeting in Exeter, N. H.
Deliberate long upon what you can do but once. A maxim worth remembering.
The wheat crop in California is said to be unusually good.
The new city established in Kansas, by the New England enigrants, is called "Lawrence."
Mary Howitt is said to be engaged in writing a popular history of America.
A famine unparalleled in the history of the country, is said to prevail in the land of Judea.
The price of coal has fallen in Boston St to \$2 per ton, according to siese.
Supertition renders a man a fool, and skepticism makes him mad.
The drinking-rooms in New Orleans are, by law, obliged to close at deven o'clock at night.
Rich silver mines have been lately opened on the Chatahoochee River, Georgia.
The granterie of the Danish islands are said to be overflowing.

INTERESTING RELICT.

INTERESTING RELICT.

The bullet by which General Joseph Warren was killed at Bunker Hill in 1775, is still preserved. It is an ounce ball, and was exhibited by Alexander H. Everett, on the delivery of an oration at Charlesstown, June 17, 1838, in which he exclaimed. "This is the one, fiellow-citizens, which I now hold in my hand! The cartridge-paper, which partly covered it, is stained, as you see, with the here's blood." This ball is now deposited in the Library of the United States Historic-Genealogical Society, with the original affidavis of Ikev. William Montague, former-plant of the Christ Church, Boston, who made oath that he obtained the ball in Loudon, of Arthur Savage, once an officer of the customs of the port of Boston, who gave Mr. Montague this account of the ball: "On the morning the 18th Arthur Savege, once an officer of the customs of the port of Boston, who gave Mr. Montague this account of the ball: "On the morning the Isth of June, 1775, after the battle of Bunker or Breed's Bill, I with a number of other royalists and British officers, among whom was General Burgoyne, went over from Boston to Charlestown to view the battle-field. Among the faller we found the body of Dr. Joseph Warren, with whom I had been personally acquainted. When he fell, he fell across a rail. This ball I took from his body, and as I shall never visit Boston again, I will give it to you to take to America, where it will be valual-le as a relict of your revolution."

CUPID OUT WEST.

The young god of love, in his old age, seems be getting reckless as to the direction it which e flings his fatal shafts. In Somerset, Ohio, a he flings his fatal shafts. In Somerset, Ohio, a short time since, two girls were so captivated with the war-whoop and dances of a band of In-dians who were exhibiting in that town, that they eloped with two of them, and proceeded as far as the town of Putnam, when they were over-taken by their angry mother, a widow lady, who called on the police to rescue her daughters from their newly chosen husbands. Flinding all her efforts of no avail, she at length yielded to the solicitations of a third dusky warrior, and join-ing her fortunes to his for better or wore, ac-companied her daughters on their western tour!

SAD MORYALITY.—A Neapolitan paper gives shocking accounts from Messian, respecting the cholers. Owing to the panic which had seized upon the country people, the city was kept forty-eight hours without provisions. Bodies had remained without burial for days for want of hands to do the office. In the midat of all this pesti-lence, the citacle, which lies on an elevated rock, has completely escaped.

THE CENTRAL OHIO RAILROAD .- The rails THE CENTRAL OHIO RAILROAD.—The rails are now laid along the entire length of this new road, and on Saturdey week the first engine passed from the Ohio river to the town of Cambridge, Ohio. There is now an uninterrupted railroad communication from Baltimore to Cincinnat, Louisville, Columbus, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Chicago and Alton.

SURVIVORS OF THE WAR OF 1812.—A. Colvention of the survivors of the war of 1812 is 'vention of the Washington, on the 8th of Januar next, "to adopt such measures as will induce the survivors of next, - to adopt such measures as will induce Congress not only to do justice to them, but also to the widows of those who have gone to their last account."

To BE HUNG.—Nicholas Beehan, tried at Riverhead, L. I.; for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Wickham, has been found guilty and sentenced to be hung.

HORTICULTURAL.—The Maine Farmer speaks of a five years' trial of Bartlett pears grafted on the mountain ash, as very successful, the trees bearing well, and the pears excellent.

PENNY WISE.—A few days since a man crossed he Mississippi, at the town of Chester, Ill., by wimming, for the sake of saving five cents

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

"The GARGOS", and the Mansion," a story by Rev.

"The Gardener's Dream," a tale by ALGG CARRY.

"Noise of Freigh Travel." No 28 by F GLAROY.

"Midorado," No. 10, by Thomas RELETE CO.

"Midorado," No. 10, by Thomas RELETE CO.

"Midderado," No. 10, by Thomas RELETE LOUISE

"My Heart Resp. Watch," a poem. b. 8.

"My Heart Resp. Watch," a poem. b. 8.

art keeps Watch," a poem by Evzlina M. F.

We give in this week's Pictorial an accurate portrait of obert Fulton, the ploneer in steam navigation, with a sture of the first steambost invented by him, and also odels of steam craft of the present day.

modes or resam crart of the present day.

A series of engravings illustrating life and mann among the Arabs, occupying two entire pages.

_View of Caidwell Village, on Lake George, New York
_Portrait of Dr. Kane, of the Grinnell Exploring Ex-

Portrait of Sir John Franklin, of the English Exp ng Expedition. ving of the new Light Boat built for Minot's

Representation of the Battlefield of Waterloo, as it now appears.
A view of the celebrated public garden of Paris, called the Closerio dus Lilas (Lilas Enciosure).
A view of the Manchester Print Works, at Manchester, New Hampshire.

*5 The Picrosial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

Foreign Items.

Prince Napoleon has sent twelve thousand auskets to Schamyl.

The Russian troops in the Crimes have been erribly decimated by the cholera. nuskets to Schamyl.

The Russian troops in the Crimea have been erribly decimated by the cholera.

The city of Kola, the capital of Russian Lapand, has been destroyed by an English ship-of-rar.

Nine hundred out of every thousand boys born ce 1848, in Hungary, we are told, bear the me of Lajos (Louis), in memory of the exile

Ight.

The Haurestein Tunnel (Bale) is pierce to a length of 365 feet on the southern, and 400 feet on the northern side of the mountain. The three shafts are 174, 120, and 220 feet deep. The whole tunnel is to be 8300 feet long.

occaired.

The entire repeal of the usury laws in Great
Britain has been accomplished at the recent sea-sion of Parliament. It is now lawful in Great
Britain to loan money at any rate of interest and on any description of property, either real estate or otherwise.

r otherwise.

The war taxes now imposed directly upon the british people, and paid for in hard cash, amount to fifty millions of dollars annually. This bout equal to the whole amount of annual taxes wied by the United States government on its evenue duties.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

By suffering we may avoid sinning; but by nning we cannot avoid suffering.

sinning we cannot avoid suffering.

Honor, like the shadow, follows those who Honor like the shadow, follows those who was the form it, but files from those who pursue.

We are not to too nicely scrutinite motives, as long as action is irreproachable.

Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of accorn is a forest of oaks!

ushel of acorns is a forest of oaks?

The surest way to lose, your own health is to econtinually drinking that of other people.

Boast not of thy good deeds, lest thy evil deeds en also laid to thy charge.

He who will take no advice, but be always his wan connsellor, shall be sure to have a fool for

should be so framed, that the public nd it more to their interest to keep them disobey them.

man to disobey them.
Implieit faith proves imbecility; yet improbable relations should be skeptically received, not positively denied.
Boasting seldom or never accompanies a sense of real power. When men feel that they can express themselves by deeds, they do not often care to do so by words.

Joker's Budget.

To prevent dogs from killing sheep—cut their eads off when they are young. It is a certain

emedy.

Why should a pedler of old clothes be the nost moral of men? Because he is continually arring with his bad "habits."

"My dinner don't agree with me," said a man oh is wife, after an extraordinary hearty med.

"I don't blame it, my dear; I saw you jawing it so hard."

Why, you are throwing stones at your her's cow!" "I know I is," said a small, ged urchin; "but I mean to kill her, 'cause never gives nothin' but buttermilk, no-"

how."

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty
to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the
door one morning. "Please, mum, the pumphandle's broke, and missus took the water from
the biler."

handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

There is a book with the dangerous title of pocket lawyer." We shouldn't much like a book with this title, for we are afraid if we ever be able to get him out.

The wind, on Sunday night, blow a perfect gale. Several borner leads to the state of the state o

Onill and Scissors.

speaking of the recent appearance of the sea-pent near Dunkirk, N.Y., the Journal of that ce agay: "We were also told were also told of failuremen have long been impressed visitions, a, from catual observation, of the existence in imaginary monster in the waters of the c." Very few persons are favored, with actu-best control of imaginary monsters.

nace. Very very promoters are never with accumental property of the property

for make on his farm the manner are the sense to make on his farm that of the forty or fifty.

Mrs. Sinclair is realizing a fortune at San Francisco. Her last benefit yielded her over three thousand dollars. The lady appeared at the conclusion of the performances, and made a speech, which was received with much enthusifrom January first to October first, was \$37,216,531; amount of gold shipped from California, from January first to October first, was \$37,216,531; amount of gold shipped from California, \$3,760,641; amount deposited for coinage, the nine months of \$44,374,401.

It has recently been decided that the laws and regulations of the army authorizing pay for not include their families; and no payments on their account for travel or passage money can be legally allowed that by grinding tea in the same manner as coffee, before infusion, the quantity of exhibitance of the same manner as coffee, before infusion, the quantity of exhibitance of the same manner as coffee, before infusion, the quantity of continuous control of the control of

The experiment is worth trying.

The keeper of the State Arsenal in New York is in the habit of loaning out muskets to target companies at a shilling a piece. As there are thousands out daily during the fall months, the shilling pieces amount to a very respectable sum.

George W. Keyser, convicted of the seduction of Sarah Ann Ashton, has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$1000, and be imprisoned for three years in the eastern penitentiary of Pennsylvania.

Ladies in New York dress their hair a la Grisi for evening parties, at present. It is an old style again revived, and is very becoming to most faces.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Henry E. East-man, of New Hampshire, to Miss Emedica A. Hall. Miss Elizabeth M. Murphy.

By Rev. H. M. Murphy.

By Rev. E. Hamman, Mr. Edward H. Donnels to Miss By Rev. E. Bumund, Mr. Schomo G. Hilborn to Miss Rochael A. Bowden.

Serial P. Goodwin, Mr. Samuel S. Sherman to Miss Serial P. Goodwin.

hall som A. Stocken, by Service States of the States of th

Miss Rebecca Ann Rogers
At Marbibleond, Mr. Hasen Barnard to Mrs. Many ownerStrong.

At Marbibleond, Mr. Hasen Barnard to Mrs. Many ownerStrong.

At Royley, by Rev. Mr. P. Danforth, Mr. G. W. Henmery to Miss Hilly D. Cross.

At Royley, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Daniel B. Prime to
Mr. Sinchell, J. Smith.

At Gloucester, Mr. William P. Parkhurst to Miss EllinAt Gloucester, Mr. William P. Parkhurst to Miss EllinNewhered.

At Gloconter, Mr. William P. Parkhurst to Miss Elliabeth Sythium:

by Bay. D. M. Bood, Mr. George W. Griffen to Miss Higheris Collins.

At Waltham, by Herr. B. Frent, Mr. W. H. Stearns to All Wildiam, by Herr. B. Stream, Mr. W. H. Stearns to All William, by Herr. B. Stream, Mr. W. H. Stearns to All Milrott, Ron. Joun C. Park, of Boston, to Miss Caroline Doan, of M. new M. Ellianchard, Mr. James C. Russella Doan, of M. new M. Ellianchard, Mr. Diennessen, M. Selva, M. New Belloff, by Herr. J. B. Gould, Mr. Ellennessen, M. New Belloff, by Herr. J. B. Gould, Mr. Ellennessen, Mr. Edw. F. Batcheller Dillis Leides, E. Scuthwick,

At Worester, by Herr. Mr. Bushnell, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of W., to Mills Edits F. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Edw. A. Wercester, by Herr. Mr. Bushnell, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of W., to Mills Edits F. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of W., to Mills Edits F. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of W., to Mills Edits F. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of W., to Mills Edits F. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Rey, and Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Benl, Thayer, of Mr. Rey, of Westler, Mr. Rey, of

Deaths.

In this city, Annie Scollay Curtis, 16; James Edward, son, and Ann Marks, wife of J. H. Rilley; Mr. Joseph Masson, Francty of Glouoster, 57; Margy Mr. Joseph Masson, Francty of Glouoster, 67; Mark Sancy Nash, Mark Markson, 68; Mr. Ammil Markson, 68; Mr. Abdelm, Mr. Mr. Mr. Elinbeth, wife of John Ball, Reg.

At Lyan, Miss Rims Evirus Montros. 24; Mr. Ammi Tuffe, Sto.
At Sheim, Mrs. Mayr Etinsbeth, wife of John Ball, Req., (1987) Missionary, 50; Miss Polity Sabadon, 60;
At Machishead, Mrs. Mary I. Blackler, 61.
At Machishead, Mrs. Mary I. Blackler, 61.
At Janckler, Mr. Sephens Shaurook, 24.
At Lararener, Miss Sussen, I. Stevens, 25;
At Lararener, Mrs. Cyrus A. Luther, 25; Mr. Raymond, Oct. All Parkers, Mr. William G. Cross, 83; Mrs. Raymond, 10; Mrs. Raymond, 10;

29. prester, Mr. George L. Parker, 29; Mr. Peter

A DAY-DREAM.

Ah, it is sweet, ling waters revel at your feet, thougast binds through the soft tree-tops play, To listices lay, with dreamy eyes upon the spray, right dreams from every passing wave, the wave dies, with it find their grave, But they are sweet.

It does harmonious seem,
The liquid garging of a freited stream,
Falling, as fall seets numbers, of and clear
Upon a well-tuned ear;
While sephyre selmones oofly floating oo,
Laden with rong,
The ear-drinks in sweet music to the sonl,
And over the enchanted senses roll
Full draughts of beauty from fair Nature's bowl,
And gushing key.

The silver stream

Floats onward with a most delightful gleam,
Each drop of spray a very star does beam,
Heplete with light,
Culled from the glowing sunbeams pure and bright.
A bright bird overhead with folded wings,

Does softly sing,
Till ether trembles' heath his offering,
And then he, darting from his verdant lair,
Soft floats on liquid plume in the glad air;
What is so fair?

What is so fair?

I could thus lay,
And in weet vision dream my life away;
While sephyra fan my how with inling play,
While sephyra fan my how with inling play,
And often step to his the crystal stream
With life full sweet.
Fair Nature reigns not in this lovely doil,
But, far from pean put he here does sweetly dwell;
While living grace,
And unaffected mails light up her face;
With beauty wreathed, she crowns her gloving head,
With Lattest thowers from her levely bed;
Is she not sweet?

[Kransiste from the French for The Filing of our Unit

THE EXILES. A STORY OF SIBERIA.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

SITUATED at the junction of the roads which lead to the southern and northern sections of Siberia, tite city of Ecatherinebourg seems to be as it were the gast of this singular country. Although you are in Asia from the moment of crossing the Urul Mountains, you perceive here still traces of Europe; but these are the last. Beyond, you will find nothing of the civilination which has hithere accompanied you; and whatever direction you may take on leaving Ecatherinebourg, you find Siberia in all its originality, and peopled with nations alike savage. Now it is in this city, situated at the entrace of Siberia, and peopled with nations alike savage. Now it is in this city, situated at the entrance of Siberia that the events which we are about to narrate

that the events which we are about to narrate, commenced.

It was in the middle of the mouth of September, in the year 1766. The sun shone with that deceifful brilliancy which in northern countries announces the approach of winter; its last rays illuminated the windows of the great stone houses, built by the merchants or employees of the mines, and threw long purple rays on the mossy roofs of the little wooden hats occupied by the workmen.

A numerous population, wearing besides the national garment, the varied costumes of Germany, Greece and Armenia, were passing along the wooden sidewalks which bordered the straight but unpaved streets, when suddenly a great commotion arose in one of these streets. The passengers stopped, and the exclamation, "The bendiaght?" ran from mouth to mouth.

mouth.

The merchants, attracted by this clamor, immediately came out of their houses; the windows were filled with women and children, and all eyes were turned in the same direction. Almost at the same moment there appeared at the end of the street a company of men, chained two by two, and escorted by Cossacks—they were the exiles sent by the Rausian government to work in the mines, or cultivate the fields of Siberia.

Siberia.

Among these exiles, some were submitting to the just chastisement inflicted on crimes committed against society; others were political criminals, guilty of plots or victims of some persecution; the greatest number were broispair, or vagabonds, to whom the government were giving, in spite of themselves, a country. The latter might easily be recognized by their ragged garments and the nonchalance of their march, as well as the carcless and brutal expression of their features.

The company, which was composed of about two hundred exiles (half the ordinary number

assuments must the nonchatance of their march, as well as the careless and brutal expression of their features.

The company, which was composed of about two hudred exiles (half the ordinary number for each month), halted before a house occapied by one of the military commandants, where the officer, who commanded the escort, entered to receive orders. Several of the spectators then stilly withdraw to their own houses, and quick-hardly expected with smoked fish, mutton and brandy, which they offered first to the Cossaeks, in order to dispose them favorably, then to the exiles. Some merchants approached in their turn to offer them money. This distribution of assistance broke the order which the condemned had hitherto maintained. They collected in groups, or sat down on the sidewalks, without being opposed by their guards. Meanwhile, one of these unfortunates had remained standing on the same spot where he had halted, with his head down and his arms folded over his breast. This was a young man of about thirty years, whose countenance wore an open and resolute expression. He was clad in the costume of Russian serfs; but the whiteness of his hands, which had evidently never been used to coarse labor, his free air, his supple and graceful motions, sufficiently proved that he belonged to a more elevated class.

He was aroused from his meditations by the voice of the old man to whom he was chained, and who, doubtless more fatigued, was seased at his feet beside a spaniel, which seemed to be his companion.

"This is then Ecatherinebourg, Monsieur Nicholas "I asked he in Russia, but with an accent which betrayed his French origin.
"It is," regiled the young man; "we have arrived at the end of our journey, or nearly so."
"I am glad of it," replied the Frenchman; "for I have had enough of your pine forests, and roads paved with stumps! If I had the agility of my spaniel—for this brave Yulcan does not seem more faigued than at the moment of departure; —but a writing-master has more strength of wrist than of ankle; and yet, at present, my hands are so stiff that I could not make the slightest flourish."

At these words the old man described in the

make the slightest flourish."

At these words the old man described in the sir an arabeque with his hand, as if to assure himself of the degree of rigidity of his muscles. The glames of Nicholas rested on the good man with a sort of compassion, and he said:

"Poor Pere Godereau! why did you leave

rance?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders, and

The on man surgeged ms anouncers, and sighed.

"You are right, Monsieur Rosow; but I heard.
St. Petersburg spoken of as we speak of Peru. I might, I was told, make a fortune in less than no time. I suffered myself to be enticed thither, and now am banished, with Yulcan, at the age of fifty-fire! It was an unpardonable folly, so I am punished enough for it, you see. For having copied a letter, of which I dld not comprehend one word, I have been accused of being concerned in a plot against the state. Ah if I could but have seen the minister, I could have persuaded him of his error."

could but have seen the minister.

"How so?"

"I would have told him to look at me."
Nicholas could not help smilling. The aspect of the old writing-master was in fact characteristic enough to suffice for his justification. He had not of those benign and simple faces, which announced one easily duped, but not a conspirator. His large, energipted eyes, his long nose,—on which was already marked the red trace left by spectacles,—bis large toothless mouth and percentage and the continuity of the second of the provided a smile. As to this costimue, it partook at oone of the pedant and the bell-ringer. He wore a cinnamon-color docat, a vest, the ground of which had been white, and on which spots of every kind had aken the place of the effaced flowers, black partaloons, and stockings of violet wool. From his pocket projected one of those long instands of leather, surmounted by a pen-case, and a roll of paper carefully enveloped. On seeing the smille of his young companion in misfortune, Godereau resumed, with a trimphant air:

"Yes, I would have told His Excellency to look at me, and I shall also tell the first military commandant we meet to do so. It is clear that there is an error."

Nicholas shook his head.

"Do not hope that it will be repaired," said he, "the military chieffains who commanded here."

there is an error."
Nicholas shook his head.
"Do not hope that it will be repaired," said he; "the military chieffains who command here are commissioned to guard the exiles, not to verify the cause of their banishment."
"It will be difficult to find the means. You have seen how the Cossacks of the ecort have received your proposition to that effect."
"Because they are in the employ of the government; but I will address myself to independent persons. After all, it is impossible that some one should not interest themselves for me. If I were a vagabond or a robber, like most of our companions, it would be another thing; but I am a political victim, and hope to profit by our stay here."
He suddenly stopped.
"What is the matter?" asked Rosow, who, while the old writings master spoke, had lighted his pipe and was preparing to smoke.
"Do you see that man who has stopped at a few paces' distance, and is looking at us?" said Godereau.
Nicholas turned.
"By his costume." said he "the me. t."

Goderau.
Nicholas turned.
"By his costume," said he, "he must be a rich merchant, from Beresov."
"It seems as if he wished to speak to us, and dared not approach."
"O, I see what it is," returned Nicholas, "the smoke of my pipe frightens him."
"How so "!"

"the smoke of my pipe frightens him."

"How so?"

"He is a starceierzi, or a member of a religious sect whose creed it is that it is that relich comes out of the month which delices, and has concluded that the smoke of the pipe is a sin."

"Is it possible?"

"You shall see."

The young man extinguished his pipe and put it up; the merchant immediately approached.

"You have had a long journey, poor people!" said he.

"You have had a long journey, poor people!"
said he.
"From St. Petersburg hither, you can count
the number of versts," asid Nicholas.
"And your purses are doubtless exhausted,"
resumed the merchant, presenting them some
pieces of money.
Rosow reddened.

Rosow reddened.

"Keep your silver," said he, haughtily, "we have asked nothing of you."

"A professor of caligraphy accepts no alms," added Golderau, in a dignified tone.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, putting up his money; "you will at least accept a little food."

food."

They declined. But the starveierzi insisted, saying that he would bring them a quarter of reinders and a bottle of natiki.*

"God reward you for your charity," replied Rosow, "but our rations are sufficient."

"I should like to have been able to relieve you in something," said the merchant, "for I know by experience what you must have suffered on this lone ionners."

by experience what you muss many manufactures white long journey."

"Have you, also, taken it?" asked Nicholas.
"Weenty years since, I arrived here like yourselves, with irons on my limbs; but Got has blessed my business, and at present Daniel Oldork is cited as one of the richest merchants.

"And what was the occasion of your banish

ment?" returned Rosow.
"A murder committed in my youth."

"God be thanked this is not our case," ob-served Goderean; "we have committed no crime, we are simply political exities." All the interest expressed by the countenance of the merchant vanished, to give place to an appearance of constraint and uneasiness. Gode-rean did not perceive it,—he had approached the

as un no perceive is,—se has approaces the armiversit.

"I am the victim of an error, sir," resumed e, "of a fatal error."

Daniel looked around him without replying.
"It would saffice," added the writing-master, to acquaint the empress with the truth."

The Rassian began to draw back.
"And since you appear to be so affected by our tuation," continued Godereau, lowering his oloe, "you can render me an important service."
"I I how!" stammered Oldork.
"It will suffice to forward this petition."
"It will suffice to forward this petition."
"The merchant heard no more, but making a

"It will suffice to forward this petition."

The merchant beard no more, but making a
gesture of affright, turned his back and fied.
Godereau remained stupified, with his petition
in his hand.

"You have frightened him," said Rosow,

in his hand.

"You have frightened him," said Rosow, laughing.

"What by showing him this letter !"

"He could not take charge of it without exposing himself to a severe penalty. I have already told you, Siberia is a spot, appeals from which the court will not hear. Every precaution is taken, and no petition, no request of the cixile can leave it. Once here, he must accept his destiny forever."

"Forever!" repeated Godereau; "it is impossible, sir, impossible 1 The injustice done nice must be repaired, and that without delay. I aim fifty-five years old."

"I am but twenty-four," said Rosow, with a myelancholy but firm expression, "and you see that I submit without a murmur."

Godereau looked at him.

"You are right," resumed he; "during the whole route I have admired your courage, I may idd, your generosity,—for but for your assistance—"

"It was only a duty," interrupted the young

tance—"It was only a duty," interrupted the young man, gaily, "have I not told you that you reminded me of my French teacher, a brave abbe, who could not make me learned, but whose kindness I shall never forget? Besides, the similarity in our situations attaches us to each other, for I also find myself an exile in conse-

iminates I shall never forget? Besides, the similarity in our situations attaches us to each other, for I also find myself an exile in consequence of an errow."

"Say a crime, sit," exclaimed Godereau, with indignation. "To cause a relative to be spiced and sent to Siberia, in order to deprive him of his share of an inheritance! The Count of the Passig, your coasia, is a villain."

"Perhaps of," aids Nicholas, "but as he is powerful at court, and I am only an obscure officers, he will enjoy his spoils without being demonated by any one, and the only course left to me is to accept philosophically my new position. So I have renounced all my hopes for the future, all my projects for advancement. With this set f's dress I have sought to assume the spirit of a serf; and the wisest plan, Pere Godereau, is giving you an example of resignation."

This allusion to his dog seemed to aroase the old writing-master from his abstraction. He turned towards the spanicl, who was at the distance of a few paces, sitting on his hind paws, and with his eye fixed on his master.

"Pool Vulcan!" said he, "how will be become accustorated to this frightful country? A dog born in the centre of civilization, sir for he was given my by a market-man, who had education be here?"

This (hought brought back the sad reflections of the good man, and he passed his hand over the spaxical's head with a sigh. At this moment the officers re-appeared; they ordered the exiles to resume their ranks, and they were conducted to the lodging destined for them during their stay in Ecatherinebour.

to the lodgings destined for mean stay in Beatherinebourg. The next day they began to learn their desti-nation. Several were sent to the mines of the Ural, others to the steppes to settle a colonist. Nicholas and his companion set out for Beresor, where they were to learn definitely their fate.

Hardly had they arrived there, when they were visited by the tax-gatherer, Michael Kitzoff, who passed for the counsellor and aid of the governor.

Kitsoff was a stoat man, of small stature, with a soot-colored face, squinting eyes, and straight hair, who interspersed all his sentences with a dry chuckle, and whose scanty and thread-bare costume revealed extreme avariec. He informed the two exiles who he was, and began to interrogate them adroitly. But Rosow, who had experienced towards him, from the first glance, an instinctive repugnance, reptiled briefly to all his questions. At last the tax-gatherer asked what was the residence designated for hinself and his companion.

"You are then perhaps to be sent to the East, among the Tongouses, a country where neither grain nor vegetables grow, where they drink only the brankly of manbrooms and eat did ri in the form of butter." Kitzoff was a stout man, of small state

only the brandy of mushrooms and cas urs m the form of butter."**

The nervous and malignant laugh of the tax. gatherer occasioned in Nicholas a movement of impatience; but he immediately suppressed it. "I can live where other men live," said he,

drily.
"Pardieu!" returned Kitzoff, chuckling, "since "Pardicel" returned kitzoff, chuckling, "since you are so resolute, boy, we can send you sit!l farther north, among the Samoides. They will tach you to walk on four feet, and to imitate all the movements of the white bears, in such a manner as to convince them that you are one of their brethren, and to attract them."

their brethren, and to attract them."

"Attract the white bears!" exclaimed Gode-reau, affrighted, "and with what object, sir?"

"With the object of killing and eating them, my dear. The white bear is the game of the Samoides; they live on bear's meat, raw salmon

The kamenoye-maslo, butter from the rock. It is a substance which exudes from the rocks, and may be recognized by its penetrating odor. It is yellow, of to tolerably agreeable taste, and the Siberians are very fond of it.

and lichens, with a little fish oil, which they drink to assist their digestion."

The writing-master uttered a groan of horror. "In other respects," continued Kitzoff, "you will have no reason to complain; whatever may be their residence, the colonists are free, and labor only as many hours as they please. But you may be destined to the mine of Bolchoisarod, where one must perform in six months the labor of twelve. "The most robust man cannot endure it but three years."

it but three years."

"They desire our death, then!" exclaimed
Godereau. "Is it impossible to avoid this,—is
there no one to interest himself in our behalf?"

there no one to interest himself in our behalf in "I could speak to the governor," said Kitsoff, winking, "and on my recommendation he would designate you to the residence you preferred." "Ah! you will be our deliverer, sir!" ex-claimed the old writing-master, seizing with gratitude the dirty and flabby hand of the tax-eatherer.

atherer.

The latter interrupted him by his chuckling

laugh.
"Yes, yes," said he, "I have already saved many others, who have thanked me as well as

many others, who have thanked they could, see how."

He had drawn from a seal-skin pocket-book several billets, which he presented to the school-master. The latter opened one of them and the services of the second several billets to the school-master.

read:
"I acknowledge the debt of twelve roubles to
Michael Kitzoff, which he will pay to himself with

Micaset assey; which constraints a bargain which you propose to "Then it is a bargain which you propose to us," said Godereau, with a surprised air, return-ing to Kitzoff his billets; "but I cannot promi-ies to give a sum which I do not possess."

"I will undertake to find it," said Michael,

"I will undertake to find it," said Michael,
"both for yourself and your companion."
Rosow shrugged his shoulders.
"You comprehend, then !" saked Godereau.
"Perfectly," said the young man; "the tax-gatherer will deduct these twelve roubles from the pension allowed us by the emperor. And we shall neither labor in the mines, nor be sent to the distant countries with which this man threatens us, because political exiles do not leave the cities. This gentleman," continued Rosow, in a mocking and accordul tone, "hoped to raise twenty four roubles on our fear or our ignorance, as he doubtless has in the case of many others; but this time he has put himself to the expense of falsehood uselessly."

The tax-gatherer turned pale; his squint eyes assumed an expression of cowardly anger impos-

assumed an expression of cowardly anger impos-sible to describe, and his chuckle became con-

stote to describe, and ms enacts occame convisive.

"Abuse, to me!" stammered he; "very well. We shall see who will repeat first; I will go and find the governor." is "I hope also to see him," said Nicholas, "and I will acquaint him with your proposition." Kitzoff burst into a laugh.

"Do so, do so!" said he; "inasmuch as you have been recommended to him by your cousin Passig. The Commandant Lerfosbourg, who is one of the proteges of the count, has orders to watch over you, to deprive you of every means of protestation. I should have been glad to have softened these orders, but you would not let me. Year well."

softened these orders, but you wome are for you will be you will be you will be the form of the form o

countries of the North, as free colonists.

Before their departure, each laid saide his costume to assume that of the Ostiaks. They first, put on leathern breeches, descending to the knees, gatern fastened to the breeches by thongs, boots made of the paws of the reindeer sewn in strips; finally, as malita, or shirt, made of the skin of the same animal, having the hair within, and a glove sewed to each sleeve. They afterwards passed over these garments the parks, or blosse of far, and above the parks a cloak, called gous, the hood of which was ornamented with the ears of a reindeer and bordered with the skin of a long-haired dog. Their costume was completed by a girtle adorned with buttons, to which was suspended a knife, with a wooden handle, enclosed in a beath of leather.

Thus muffled up, the two exiles so perfectly resembled two bears, that Vulcaur recoiled, barking. To each of them was given a bow six feet long, half of birth, half of fir, and a quiver full of arrows, some armed with steel points, others without points for the sibelines (sables) and squirrels. At last, after the adieus, which Nicholas Rosow attempted to render gay, each took separately the same road to the spot which was designated to him.

What we have said of Nicholas Rosow must have sufficed to give the reader some idea of the energy and pliability of his disposition; so, far from allowing himself to be cast down by his new position, he above to make it as profitable as possible. As soon as he arrived at his place of destination, tools were given him, and the right was accorded him to cut firs in the nearest forest to construct his cablin. He afterwards obtained seeds, some reindeer and, some sheep. There the generosity of the emperor to the exiles cased; but this was enough, his address and industry would procure for him the rest.

He commenced by hunting bears, foxes, squirtels, elks, whose skins he sold to the merchast, he developed in the rest which bordered the river; then, proliting by a dense the profitable of his employments was

taxes to the tax-gatherer, Michael Kitzoff. The laster, who had not forgotten the contempt with which the young man had formerly repulsed this propositions, at first easayed against him petit persecutions; but Nicholas defeated his evil presecutions; but Nicholas defeated his evil petentions by a constant obedience to the law, and a scrupulous exactness in fulfilling all the obligations imposed on the colonists. So the interpretation of the contempt of the c

wo days afterwards the fields are buried beneath a deep snow.

Rotow followed the road, whose direction was indicated by fis-branches planted here and there, like so many landmarks. He passed every instant villages, in the midst of which rose poles garnished with narrow papers which proteeted the little projecting roofs, and on which might be still deciphered fragments of ukases, or imperial ordinances; then forests of birch, interspread with husts half day in the ground, or elevated iourtes, which were reached by a stairway of fir. Sometimes, on passing by the latter, onso of their little windows, garnished with hingglass, would open gently, and a woman would stretch out her head with a curious air; but officence he perceived only men, gathering on the birch-trees the spongy excrescences which they mix with their tobacco, or dogs which rose up to see him pass.

On approaching Beresov, he remarked that the inhabitants expected an approaching invasion of the cold, for all were preparing for the winter. He perceived at every door carts of grain or vegetables, drawn by reindeer, who waited impatiently for the moment when they should return to their pasturage of lichens.* The streets were full of Rassian peasants bearing provisions of fermented cabbages; of Samoides and Osiaka, laden with fish or reindeer's meat, destined for the citiens, who preserve these all winter, without any other preparation, in their ice-houses; finally, the colonists from the banks of the Ob, oftening the eggs of wild ducks and salted swams.

After having traversed several streets, Nicholas reached at last the dwelling of Daniel Oldock. It was a large house, solidly built of wood, very high, and reached by broad steps. Beside it were lower edifices, destined, some for baths, others for storeknouses of provisions; which were united to the principal edifice in such a manner as to form a vast coorden cabina, which were united to the principal edifice in such a manner as form a vast coorden cabina, which were constituted and the containing rei

which contain a sort of medicament; packages of tea, with the testh of the mammoth; tobacco with copper boilers, rusty sabres and strings of buttons. Finally, the whole was intermingled with garments of women, kitchen vessels and utensils, scattered about in every direction.

Rosow advanced in the midst of this Capernam to the little table before which Daniel Oldork was seated, busied in regulating accounts with the tax gatherer, Kitzoff. The latter raised his head and recognized the young man.

"Eh! it is Nickholas the inflatxible," said he, with his habitual chuckle; "have you come to pay me your insake!"

"You have already received it," said Rosow. "And you are not the man to pay it twice, is it not so? Then you come to offer some merchandize to Daniel!"

By way of reply, Rosow took from his girdle alitub box and drew from it a fur.

"Sable!" resumed Michael, whose squint eyes aparkled; "you have ashlee left, when most of the colonists cannot procure those they owe the emperor! Why did you not tell me so when you paid the tax? I would have bought it ten."

"I do not sell to those who might refuse to

pay me," said Nicholas.
"How? What mean you?" exclaimed the tax gatherer, assuming an offended air; "ex-

tax gamers, assumed plain yourself, as a many of any of any of the you do not understand me, why are you angry?" replied the young man, coldly.

The tax gatherer seemed disconcerted, and made a gesture of vexation; but, commanding himself immediately, burst into a laugh.

The reindeer, eating only from its stem the li which he feeds, can remain but a few hours in cit † This custom exists among all the wealthy ci

"Come," resumed he, "Nicholas the inflexi-ble will be always the same; but as the proverb says, it is only a fool who will be disturbed by the speech of a fool. Buy his sable, Daniel. But take care lest the abods of the animal in a thick coppie has given the skin syllowish hue, and deprived it of half its value."

The merchant was about to take up the skin to examine it, when a great noise was heard at the entrance to the room. The name of the tax-gasherer was repeated. Michola Kitsoif arose and went to meet the persons who were in search of him.

The Cossacks of the garrison who were in search
The Cossacks of the garrison were bringing a
colonist whom they had been ordered to arrest.
The latter walked in the middle of his guards,
accompanied by a dog, whom Nicholas recognized at the first glance to be Vulcan. At the
exclamation of surprise uttered by the young
man, the writing-master (for it was he) turned.
"Monsiter Rosow!"
"Pere Godereau!"
These two exclamations were uttered almost
simultaneously. The young Paraneous

"Pere Godereau!"
These two exclamations were uttered almost simulaneously. The young Russian advanced towards the old writing-master with extended arms, while the latter, in consequence of a French habit which he seemed to have retained in spite of his change of costume, carried his hand to the hood of his yous, and placed himself in the third position to bow. Rosow embraced him.

"You here, Pere Godereau!" exclaimed he. "And I was far from expecting to meet you," said the good man, joyfully; "so I did not come vonluratelly, as you see."

He looked at the Cossacks.

"What has happened to you, my poor comercial with a seement of the property of the control of the control of "asked Nicholas, with interest; "are you again the victim of one error?"
"An error!" "Prepated Michael Kitzoff; "who speaks of an error! This old man is a rebel."
"It is did Godereau, opening his eyes wide with afrighted astonishment.
"Have you not neglected to pay the issak #"
"It is true."
"And do you not know that all those who we

It is true."

"And do you not know that all those who rete to pay the two sables due to the empress
ast be treated as rebels?"

"It is impossible," said Godereau, with firm-

How! have you the boldness to deny the

ws ?"
"I say it is impossible," repeated the writing-taster, in a decided tone; "your empress has ommon sense, has she not?"

master, in a decided tone; "your empress has common sense, has she not it"
"Dare you doubt is, wretch it"
"On the contrary, it is for that reason I believe her incapable of demanding the sable-skins of me, a professor of caligraphy. I am not a hunter, sir, and at my age people do not care to catch foxes and squirrels. I am fifty-five. Since your empress has common sense, by your own acknowledgement, you, who are her representatives, ought to exact a tax of capital letters or flourishes. I can make you endless serpents, bird'heads, ivy leaves; but, as to these rabbit-skins, which you call sables, it would be as reasonable to demand of me an elephant or a Montreull melon."

Montreuil melon."

The writing matter had pronounced this species of plea with heroic dignity, and like a man sore of crushing his adversaries beneath the weight of their own absurdity. Michael Kitzoff appeared to judge, in fact, that there was nothing to reply; for he turned towards the Cossacks and ordered them to conduct the old writing master to prison. The latter started.

master to prison. The latter started.

"How !" exclaimed he; "but this is not a reply, sir; I have given you reasons—"

"And I demand sablo-akins," harshly inter-rupted the tax-gatherer. "There is no alternative, the iosak or the dungeon."

The old man would have protested again, but Kitzoff made a sign to his guards, and the latter were about to lead him away when Rosow internosed.

posed.
"Take the right of the empress," said he, presenting to the tax-gatherer the box which contained his two sable-furs, "and give the old man

is liberty."

Kitzoff looked at Nicholas with astonishment.
"What! Will you pay for him?" exclaimed

"Is there anything to prevent?"

"Nothing, nothing," hastily replied the taxtherer, who, having already placed Godereau's
une on the list of colonists incapable of page
te iasak, hoped to profit himself by this unex

States, nopes so proceed as a second of the second of the

and the devotes the management of the regulating is already done," said Goderean, affection," I shall not be abetter debtor to you than to the empress. I have varially attempted, since I have lived in this country, to acquire its habits—I am fifty-five years old—all my attempts have failed. My isouste, badly constructed, became uninhabitable in the earliest months; the grain which I soweth has failed, the reindere given me have been devoured by the wolves. I had recourse to hunting and fishing; but I scarcely perceived the elks at ten paces, and the fish always escaped my net. Finally, when I saw that my unskilfulness and inexperience rendered my efforts unavailing, I abandoned all."

"And how have you lived ?"

rience rendered my efforts unavalling, I abandoned all."

"And how have you lived ?"

"In summer I had the fruits of the forest, the milk of two reindeer which remained, and the eggs of wild ducks."

"But during the cold season?"

"But during the cold season?"

"I solicited a cokin of the poor of one of the merchants of Bersov, and, this very day, when I was arrested, was in search of one."

Rosow looked at the old man with compassion. His face no longer wore that grotesque but benevolent and honest serenity, which gave to his very ugliness something prepossessing. Suffering had imprinted there a nort of uneasy and, as it were mortified sadness. Nicholas was touched with this change.

"Foor Pere Godereau," said he, placing his hand amicably on the shoulder of the old man, "you must have suffered much the past year."

"In winter, especially, sir," returned the old man, with a slightly softened accent. "A professor of caligraphy is not accustomed to eat the bread of alms. Then the hospitality of the merchant must be paid by assiduous labor, and when this labor is that of an old man, like myself, it is unprofitable, and you are made to feel it. If I had been alone, I could have endured all patiently: I would have accepted without saying anything the fragments of fish and spolied reindeer; but Valean was educated in a civilized country, sir; he grew poor daily, and when I asked for him, for him only, more Christian food, the merchant replied that I was mad—mad because I could not see an old servant suffer. But why speak to you of all this? The will of God must be done, and I ought not to weary you with my complaints."

At these words Godereau made an effort as if to shake off his emotion, and asked Rosow if Oldork would consent to receive him for the winter.

in a season and privations in observed Nicholas.

"Alas i" replied the old writing-master, "I have no choice but between the cabin of the poor or my hat without provisions."

"You are mierable," said Rosow, amicably, "There is, at half a day's journey from this, an fount, "How, what soute i" asked the good man.

"Mine, Pere Godenam,"

"What I would you—"

"Take you and Vulcan to board, that you may see whether my living saits you better than that of the merchant."

Godenean attempted to speak, but could not; all his features were contracted, and two large cars rolled down his cheeks. He took the hand of the young man with lively gratifude, and carried it to his lips. Rosow windtew H, coloring.

"File, Pere Godeream," exclaimed he, "do you take me for a prince, accustomed to having my hand kissed I What I propose to you is simply an association."

And as he saw that the old man was about to reply, he hastly continued: it is agreed. Have you any basiness at Bercsov !"

"None," replied Godeream.
"Then let us go."

The founte of Rosow was large enough to receive without difficulty a new guest. The young man pointed out beside the fire-place, a spot for Vulcan, installed the writing-master in the most convenient room, and invited him to take some rest there. But Godeream declared that he wished to contribute his share to the common labors, and undertook the care of the house, while Nicholas continued to occupy himself with hunting and fishing.

The result of this division of labor was an order and conflort which surprised Rosow, and the honor of which he ascribed to his associate. But the efforts of the latter for the welfare of Rosow were the least of his cares; he desired and hoped to be able to give him a more important proof of his gratitude.

A witness of the gloomy sadness which sometimes seized they young man in spite of all his native country, to the midde of his friends, he thought incessantly of the means of causing to be repaired the injustice committed on his behalf. Notwithstanding what had been said to

purse which he always carried with him, awaiting a favorable opportunity to forward it to the empress.

Meanwhile winter had come, and the snow covered the ground. Nicholas, who often went to the neighboring villages, returned one day with an order addressed to Godereau, which had been handed him by one of the Cossacks of the governor. The writing-master was ordered to Beresov to explain his change of residence, permission for which he had neglected to obtain.

He was at first terrified at this summons; but Nicholas assured him that by means of some furs, all could be arranged with the commandant Lerfobourg, and it was agreed that they should set out together on the morrow, for Beresov. The next day both assumed their winter gaments to be ready for a start. They began by putting on a pair of snow-shoes, formed of two planks six feet long and six inches wide, slightly bent towards the ground, and pointed at the two extremities. They afterwards put in their belts a hatchet, to open a path through the forst, or to break the ice, a lopations (wooden showel) to remove the sinow, and a bag of sturgeon-skin filled with porze (fish dried in the sun and ground into meal), finally, they armed themselves with an iron staff, garnished, six inches from the ground, with a large round piece of wood, to prevent them from being buried in the snow. Thus farnished with everything necessary, they started, followed by Vulcan, who walked silently and with downcast head.

But hardly were they on their way when the snow began to fall in large flakes. The air was calm and cold; the lockes or Siberiam marmots re-entered the crevices of the rocks, and when they passed the loustes of the Ostiaks, the dogs kept silent.

Rosow appeared uneasy at these signs, which announced a storm.

kept silent.

Rosow appeared uneasy at these signs, which announced a storm.

"We should have done better to have delayed our journey," said he, seeking to observe the dull and wan sky; "I fear the pourga (snow storm).

plied Godereau.

"I doubt it. Look at the horizon. At any rate, let us make haste; for if night should surprise us in the country, we should run the risk of never again seeing the day."

They quickened their pace; but, in spite of their snow-shoes, advanced with difficulty. The country was silent and deserted. Scarcely did the foutes, closed and buried beneath their winty shroad, betray their existence by here and there a light smoke. Very soon Goderau and there a light smoke. Very soon Goderau and there a light smoke. Very soon Goderau and there a light smoke. The smow, which fell more and more thickly, formed a sort cloud which interrupted the daylight. Two or three times, our travellers thought they percived in the obscurity, sledgen passing, drawn by horses or reindeer, but this was something swift and indistinct as a vision.

Their march became slower and slower; dayling that last disappeared, and the wind began to arise. The snow whirled thick and frozen, Godereaus, who ad until them marched in silence, stopped breathless, and, placing both hands on his half-frozen face, said to Resow:

"I can go no farther."

"Courage," replied the young man; "at the first fir wood we will halt. Make haste, Pere Godereau, the purpose is an outsels!"

The old man made an effort, and ontinned cometime beakfe Nicholas. But night had come, and the north wind blew furiously.

Our two travellers were following the edge of a ravine, supporting themselves by their iron staves, when a vry resounded amid the heavy signing of the storm. Both stopped.

"It was a call."

"It was a call."

"It has a four feet."

"Listen I"

The same cry resounded again.

"It is a human voice!" said Rosow, earnestly.

"Do you to see something near this birch !"

"Do you to see something near this birch !"

"Listen!"
The same cry resounded again.
"It is a human voice!" said Rosow, earnestly.
"Do you not see something near this birch!"
added the old writing-master.
Rosow advanced towards the object indicated.

added the old writing-master.

Rosow advanced towards the object indicated.

"It is a sledge, the traces of which are broken," said he.

"The traveller who occupied it must have been precipitated to the bottom of the ravine."

"We must draw him from it."

"And how shall we get access to him ?"

As Goderan asked this question, Volcan, who was stooping over the precipice and smelling, began to hard.

"Your dog scents some one," said Nicholas.
"In fact, it seems as if he wished to descend. Here, Valcan."

"Let him go, he will guide us."

"Let him go, he will guide us."

"In fact, the dog cleared a path without delay down the declivity of the ravine, aiding himself by some projecting rocks, and the two travellers followed him.

But midway down the precipice, they were ar-

by some projecting rocks, and the two travellers followed him.

But midway down the precipice, they were arrested by a slope of steep and slippery (se which it was impossible to descend; it was necessary to cut steps with a hatchet. At last, having reached the bottom of the fissure, they perceived a man half buried under the enow, and recognized the tax-gesther, Michael Kitsoff.

The latter was almost affrighted at sight of his deliverers; nevertheless, he was re-assured when he saw their eagerness to sasisf him. His fall had been as favorable as possible, and his injuries were limited to bruises. The two exiles a placed him on his feet and assisted him out of the ravine; but when they reached the summit of the declivity, a whit/whith of snow drove them back. There was a moment when Nichae remained terrified and hestiating. The pour-last remained terrified and hestiating. The pour-last remained terrified and hestiating. The pour-last remained terrified and hestiating. The pourof the declivity, a white/hall of snow drove them back. There was a moment when Nicholas remained terrified and hesitating. The pourga reigned in all its violence, and the obscurity was so profound, that neither could perceive his companion. Michael Kitzoff began to uttercries of terror mingled with lamentations and prayers. But Rosow, who had almost immediately recovered his presence of mind, imposed on him silence.

"Keep between us and be silent!" said he, hastily: "your complaints can be of use to no one, anglyour uns more risk than we do."

"If we re-enter the ravine, it may serve us as a shelter," observed the writing-master. "Say rather as a tomb," replied Nicholas; "to-morrow the snow will have filled this abys, and no human force could fava us from it."

"What is to be done then!"

"We must gain a forest, if we can find one."

"Let us try," said Godereau, to whom peril had restored a momentary vigor.

All three set out. The intensity of the pourga, far from decreasing, seemed to redouble at every instant, but silently, and without warning. They heard neither the murmar of the winds, nor the rushing of distant torrents; all was mute, dall and motionless.

The two exiles and their companion continued some time to advance at random, half stifted by the snow. At last, Nicholas, who was marching first, suddenly stopped.

"We are approaching a shelter!" he exclaimed.

first, suddenly stopped.

"We are approaching a shelter!" he exclaimed.

"How do you know?" asked Kitzoff.

"Do you not feel that the whirlwind has here less force? I it must be that we have on the right." To you not feel that the whirlwind has here less force? I then see her we have on the right."

"Make haste, then, let us turn to the right."

"Make haste, then, let us turn to the right."

Hardly had they taken a few steps in this direction, when they breathed more freely. In proportion as step advanced, the snow became less deep; at last it ceased; they had arrived at the outskirts of a thick forest of firs.

A light which they perceived through the trees made them quicken their pace in hopes to find a habitation. They arrived at a clearing, in the midst of which stood a ruined iouste. It was open, and illuminated by the remains of an almost consumed fire; but it was easy to recognize it, by the absence of furniture, for one of those cabins of refuge destined for travellers lost or overtaken by the storm.

Nicholas rejoiced at an encounter which enabled them to wait for day beneath a shelter and without danger, but Goderean, who had up to this moment needed all his attention and all his strength to accompany his companions, then called Vulcan, and perceived that he was no longer with them.

This discovery threw the old professor into despair. He ran to the edge of the forest, and began to call his dog with all the infactions which

spair. He ran to the edge of the forest, and began to call his dog with all the inflections which the spaniel was accustomed to recognize; it was in vain. The desolate old man wished, in spite

of his fatigue, to retrace his steps; but Rosow opposed it energetically, and brought him back almost by force to the found of refuge.

Michael Kitnoff had already established himself there before the fire on a bed of branches. Although his fall had left all his limbs in pain, he was disposed to take some nourishment, and asked of Rosow a little parsa which he dissolved with snow in a leathern cap. The young man urged Godereau to do the same; but the loss of his dog had deprived the latter of all his courage. Nicholas attempted to console him by leading him to hope that Vuleam might be found on the morrow; then spreading some fir-branches on the floor, he lay down beside the tax-gatherer and fell asleep.

A part of the night had rolled away. Godereau, yielding to fatigue, had at last extended himself beside his travelling companions, and sleep overtook him in his turn.

Meanwhile, he had not forgotten Vulean, and several times awoke, thinking he recognized his bark. Deceived by this species of hallucination, he had just opened his eyes for the tenth time, perhaps, when he saw the cabin illuminated by a bright and ruddy light. He ast up asking himself fi he was not still the sport of a dream; but the light became more brilliant, and a burning breath suddenly penetrasted the iouste.

Godereau uttered a cay which awoke the tax-gatherer and Nicholas.

"What is the matter?" asked both at once.

"Look I" exclaimed Godereau, pointing to the lituminated iouste.

Both rose and ran to the door—the whole of one side of the forest of fire was on fire.

Their first impulse was to hasten in the opposite direction; but hardly had they entered the thicket, when they encountered the fitames which forced them to retrace their steps. They ran in another direction, then in a third; the fire was one were where; but this was the first time he had been an eye-witness of one of these disasters, and he was almost as much bewildered as his companions.

The nature of the spot, besides, rendered their position such, that experience and re

ocen an eye-winness of one of these disasters, and he was almost as much be wildered as his companions.

The nature of the spot, besides, rendered their position such, that experience and reflection could serve only to show the impossibility of deliverance. Its whole circumference in a blaze, the forest seemed to draw a circle of finame around the travellers. A single point was sheltered from the conflagration; but there arose a group of inancessible rocks, and it was at their feet that the cabin had been built to which Nicholas and his companions had now returned.

Thus surrounded by the flames from which hey saw no way to escape, it was useless for them to attempt to do so. Nothing remained built or esign themselves to await death in this flery circle which drew closer and closer each instant.

Rosow declared that all hope was over, and

sery circle which drew closer and closer each instant.

Roove declared that all hope was over, and that each had but to think of his soul. Godereas submitted in silence, and seated himself at the foot of the rocks with more resolution than one would have expected from his peaceful soul; but Michael Kitsoff fell into a despair bordering on delirium. His cowardice inspired Nicholas with a disgust which be could not conceal, and cassing to attempt to quich his fears, he went to ait down by the old writing-master.

The latter ast with his head down murmuring a prayer; but on heaving Nicholas approach, he extended his hand to the young man. Nicholas took it with emotion.

"I was in the wrong to have allowed you to attempt this journey," and he. "I should have been more patient."

"Do not think of me, Rosow," said the old man; "my life was nearly over—it is you alone who have anything to live for."

And casting a glance over the rocks, he asked in a troubled voice:
"Are you save is would be impossible to climb them, Nicholas? You are young and active."

On ont think of me. Look, these bushes which

"Are you sure it would be impossible to climb them, Nicholas? You are young and active. Do not think of me. Look, these bushes which hang from the rock may aid you."

As he spoke thus, the old man had approach-ed the rock—but he suddenly stopped, his arms extended, his bead inclined.

"Do you hear nothing?" asked he of the young

"Doy va was man."

"Nothing but the crackling of the flames," replied Nicholas.

"There, among the rocks. Again. I am not mistaken, it is the bark of Vulcan."

Nicholas listened, and thought he heard it

Micholas listened, and thought he heard it also.

"He must have been lost in the woods, and surprised by the fire."

"No, no," interrupted Godereau, to whom his sitachment for Vulcan gave an acute subtlety of hearing; "the voice proceeds not from the forest, but from the rock. Do you hear it?"

The barking became nearer, though at first confused and stifled; but suddenly it burst forth freely. Nicholas and Godereau nised their eyes at the same time—the head of Vulcan had just appeared and the tafks of alders that concealed one of the fissures of the rock.
"It is he "tocklaimed the old writing-master, with a joyful gesture; "but how has he been able to rejoin us?"
Nicholas, who was looking at the rock, appeared struck by a gleam of light, and uttered a cry of joy.

peared struck by a gleam of light, and uttered a cry of joy.

"Ab, I understand," said he; "look, look, Pere Godereau; these bushes in the midst of which Yulean appears, conceal an opening; and see these icides beneath. It is the bed of a torrent which flows from the table-land above. We are saved, for the passage which your dog has followed on his way from the steppes, may probably serve us to return thirter; and at all events, we shall find there a shelter from the fire."

"But how shall we reach this fissure?"
"I will show you."
He ran to the iouste of refuge, seized one of the beams which supported the ruined roof, cut it with the hatchet at equal distances; then,

reating it against the rock and placing his foot in this species of steps he reached a projection above, and from thence the opening where Vulcara was continuing to bark.

Kitzeof, whom this barking had croused from his stapor, hastened to follow the young man, and, with some effort Goderean joined them.

As Rosow had divined, the fissure concealed by the tarts of address, was the bed of a frozen torrent. Although the entrance to it was low and narrow, the young man did not hesitate to risk it. Vulcan, who seemed to comprehend his intention, re-entered the obscure passage to serve as a guide. Rosow was at first obliged to follow him by crawling on his knees; but at the expiration of a few minutes the vanil of the passage opened, allowing a view of the histores, and he found himself in a deep and contracted awine which led by a genute declivity to the summit of the mountain.

found himself in a deep and contracted ravine which led by a genute declivity to the summit of the mountain. When our three travellers had reached this summit, the day had begun to appear, the peorge was appeased, and, at the first rays of dawn, Nicholas recognized the spot where he was.

But the fatigues of the preceding day and the emotions of the night had exhanated their strength; the tax-gatherer, especially, was incapble of continuing. Rosow therefore resolved to gain the loaste of an Ostiak whom he knew, and where he was sure of finding everything necessary for his companions and himself.

The loaste was built beside the Ob, on a steppe little wooded, but fertile in pasturage. When he reached it with his companions, all the dogs, who were lying, as usual, at the door of the habitation, in holes which the warmth of their bodies had made in the snow, rose, barking gently, as if to warm their master, Eter Rocob. These dogs were all of the size of a large spaniel, for the most part white, but with his ket and uprite cars, short hair, long and turfed tails. On securing the meagreness of these fathful animals, always hungry, without shelter, and subjected to the rude labor of drawing sledges, Goderana could not suppress a sigb, which he accompanied by a look of tendrenes addressed to Valcan.

Meanwhile, our travellers had stopped on the treshold, to remove with their knives, accord-

a now or tenderness addressed to Valcan.

Meanwhile, our travellers had stopped on the
threshold, to remove with their knives, according to the Ostiak custom, the snow which covered their fur boots. As they finished, Eter. Rocob came to open the door, bidding them welcome.

cobe came to open the door, bidding them welcome.

The iouste was divided into several small rooms
all opening into the one into which they had entered. This room, which formed the lodgingroom, was warmed by a clay fireplace surmounted by an iron boiler; a clay finnel descended
over this precipice, and received the smoke from
it. All around the iouster an a sort of bench, six
feet wide, serving as a bed by night, and a workbench in the day time. On one side, near the
door was the sini-koui, a kind of wooden tray, in
which was deposited the food to be used during
the day; on the other, a skin of untanned leathor in which the milk was allowed to sour for the
daily drink called kownis. Two women, their
erin which the milk was allowed to sour for the
daily drink called kownis. Two women, their
of hinner of the nilk was allowed to sour for of
linen for all coarser usages, were occupied
before the fire in distilling the kournis which they
fransformed into milk brandy orankou. Finally,
in the most remote corner, a dozen young dogs
who were raised for their firs, were fastened to
one of the beams which supported the iouste.

Eter Rocob offered some atools to his three
guests, and went to the sini-koui to seek two
fishes which he served up to them on a wooden
dish.

[CONCLUDED ON THE NEXT FAGE.]

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FADELESS

BY T. B. WALLIS

THE EXILES.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 367.]

Rosow related to him the dangers himself and his companion had run, and by what a wonderful series of circumstances they had escaped certain death. He afterwards asked the Ostiak peasant if he could not procure for the tax-gathere the means of reaching Berseav. Rocob replied that he would let him have a royal selego—a sledge drawn by a dozen dogs. The price was agreed upon, and the Ostiak requested Michael Kizzoff to make a notch on the principal beam of the iosets, his notch being the acknowledgement of his indebtedness.

It was afterwards agreed upon between the travellers, that Rosow should accompany the tax-gatherer, who feared to be unable to guide the sledge, and that after having rested a part of the day, Godereas should set out on foot, accompanied by Eter Rocob, who had business in the city. While all the preparations were being made, Michael Kitzoff was alone with Godereau. "In a few hours I shall at last be safe and sound at Beresov!" said the tax-gatherer, who could think of nothing but his unexpected deliverance.

"Thanks to Vulcan, sir," said Godereau, "Thanks to Vulcan, sir," said Godereau, "Thanks to Vulcan, sir," said Godereau, "Thanks to Vulcan, sir," said Godereau,

deliverance.

"Thanks to Vulcan, sir," said Godereau, smiling and passing his hand over the head of the spaniel with a sort of pride.

"Yes, yes," replied Kitsoff, "your dog showed us the way, but it was Nicholas who divined it. But for Nicholas, we should now be but a little coal and ashes; Nicholas has saved our litter."

lives."

"And you can add that he saved yours twice,"
resumed the old professor; "for before arresting
you from the fire, he drw you from the precipios."
"It is true," said the tax-gatherer, whom joy
at being saved rendered almost grateful, "though
any other traveller might have rendered me the
same service."
"Re-nepains there had been any others in the

any other tweetner might have rendered into the same service."

"Bupposing there had been any others in the steppe at the moment of the pourga."

"Indoubtedly the young man has been useful to me and to you, for he also saved your life."

"So I am ready to sacrifice it for him," said the old man, expressively.

"Certainly," replied the tax-gatherer. "One should not be ungrateful, and for my part I should be glad to find an opportunity of being useful to the young man."

"Do you speak truly!" asked the writing-master.

"Let him try me, provided the thing is pos-sible, and not ruinous. I hope he does not doubt my gratitude. I would do anything for him."

Godereau seemed to reflect an instant; then

Godereau seemed to reflect an instant; then, lowering his voice, he said:

"Well, you can render him an almost equal service, and without expense to yourself."

The old professor looked at the Ostiak woman who still stood by the fire, and seemed to be listening. Taking the taxe, gatherer by the hand, he led him to an adjoining room.

Their absence lasted some time; but when they returned, the countenance of Godereau wore a singular expression of gayety and triumph.

"It is agreed," exclaimed he, rubbing his hands. "Nothing now remains but to hasten your departure."

parture."
found at the door of the iouste Eter Ro They found at the door of the iour Eter Ro-cob and Nicholas, who had finished their prepa-rations. They had passed over each dog a sort of leathern harness to which was attached a thong which was fastened to the sleigh, compo-ed only of some wooden cross-pieces covered with planks. Rosow and the tax-gathere crouched on the latter, and the master having uttend the usual ery—pouir, puir, the dogs set out barking, and quickly disappeared across the country.

set out barking, and quickly disappeared across the country.

A gloomy silence reigned in the streets of Beresov, and but for the columns of smoke which rose from all parts, it might have been taken for a deserted city. The cold, become excessive, and interrupted all the business of the neighborhood. The governor himself, imitating the general example, had shut himself up in his house awaking a temperature less rigorous to resume earlier and the same of the street of the street of the street of the same and the street of the str

ed faculties; as soon as his interest was affected, his sleepy eye lighted up, and a sort of sordid intelligence animated all his features.

He was doubtless under the influence of one of these impressions at the moment we have introduced him to our readers; for, as he re-filled his extinguished pipe, he was muttering with an animated air, exclamations, mingled with gruntings and unfinished phrases.

"Three thousand skins," repeated he; "the price of a whole cargo of brandy and kirschwassel 1—the reaca, he shall pay me!"

At this moment a Cossack interrupted him to announce the tax-gatherer, Michael Kitzoff; the commandant dropped his pipe.

"He?" exclaimed he. "Ah, let him enter; let him enter."

thim enter."
The tax-gatherer crossed the threshold, bowing tith an humble and obsequious air.
"I hope our brave governor does not suffer roun the increase of the cold," said he. "This tove produces here the effect of three suns, not o speak of the liquid sun which this flack

ourg looked at him without replying.

and stopped.

"Has anything happened to trouble the comnandant?" asked he, uneasily.

"Yes, a theft—a theft of three thousand skins."

The tax-gatherer turned pale.

"Pardon me," stammered he, "I do not comrehend you."

"Parton me," stammered ne, "I ao nos com-rechend you."

Lerfosbourg stretched out his giant hand, seized the arm of Michael, and drawing him to-wards him so that he could look into his eyes, exclaimed in a voice of thunder:

"You have stolen from me three thousand

"You have stolen from me three thousand akins!"

"I?" stammered the trembling tax-gatherer.
"Who told you so! Why do you think so!"
"This account of what you sold to Daniel, the merchant."
Kitzoff cast a rapid glance over the paper, and could not suppress a movement of surprise.
"Three thousand skins!" resumed Leroshourg, striking the account. "And I was astonished that there was so little profit on the taxes and on the exiles. The wretch kept it all!! He would have despoiled asid ruined me; reduced me to drink the water of the Sorse!"

This idea seemed to make the commandant shudder; he filled his glass with kirsch, and swallowed it at a draught. Kitzoff attempted to speak in his own defence.
"I will hear nothing!" interrupted Leroshourg, striking the table with his fist; "you have stolen from me three thousand skins! You shall be hung! You shall give an account of all the thefts committed against the peasants and the exiles!"
"But, commandant, you have permitted them on-"

"But, commandant, you many pos"On condition of an equal share, and you
have deceived me, deceived me by three thousand
skins. So I will avenge my subjects; their interests are mine. You shall be hung, I tell you,
and without delay, for I have sent for the judge,
and he will be here immediately."
Kinoff trembled. He knew behad everything
to fear from this man, who was his enemy, and
who on such a deumentation could not fail to
ruin him. The participation of the governor in
his exactions did not absolve him; besides, it
was innoasible to prove it, thege exactions have

ruin him. The participation of the governor in his exactions did not absolve him; besides, it was impossible to prove it, these exactions having been committed directly by himself, and the interested tolerance of Lerfosbourg might pass for ignorance. Michael comprehended all the danger of his situation, and the importance of preventing the threatened proceeding. Laying aside all idea of dissanding or softening Lerfosbourg, whom anger and intoxication rendered incapable of understanding anything, he immediately resolved to frighten him. Raising his head therefore, with hold effrontery, he uttered his habitual chuckle, and exclaimed: "Very well, Commandant Lerfosbourg, you may condemn me, but the same blow will atrike us both, for without me you cannot retain the government of Beresov." "How't —what say you!" asked the governor.

us both, for without me you cannot reaain the government of Beresov."

"How?—what say you?" asked the governor.
"I say," replied Kitzoff, with at I am the only one who knows what is passing around you, who discovered the plans for the desertion of the Costacks, who warned you of the arrival of the inspector sent by the empress, and other dangers threaten which your sagacity may find out."

The suspicious governor was alarmed at the assurance of the tax-gathere.
"Other dangers!" repeated he; "falsehood!"
Well," said Michael, "events will prove who is mistaken; we will await the events."

Events ? said he; "what can happen!"
"Events ? said he; "what can happen!"
"Who knows? The exiles may organize a revolt. Perhaps the greatest danger may come from St. Petersburg."
"I soot the Count Passig your protector?

"How!"
"Is not the Count Passig your protector?
"Is not the Count Passig your protector?
Well, suppose he finds himself, through your fault, exposed to disgrace. Suppose, for example, that the relative whom he sent here, and whom he requested you to have an eye upon, should succeed in conveying a petition to the whom he requested from the should succeed in conveying a petition to the empress."

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Lerfosbourg,

"It is impossible?" exclaimed Lerfosbourg, rising in terror.
"It is done!" said Kitzoff, resolutely; "it is on its way to the empress, but you may even now prevent its reaching her."
"What is to be done!" exclaimed the commandant; "asy quickly! save me, Michael!"
"You forget that I am an accused criminal, awaiting his judge."
"Well, well, we will arrange matters,—you shall restore met the three thousand skins, and I will say nothing."
"You promise me this?"
"Here is the account, which is the only testimony against you."

"Here is the account, which is the only testimony against you."
It gave him the paper.
"But, in Heaven's name, this petition ?"
"The sledge bearing despatches has been gone only an hour. Send in pursuit of it, it carries the petition of Nicholas Rosow."
On receiving from Godereau the petition addressed to the empress, in favor of Nicholas Rosow, the tax-gather had not intended to deliver it to the Commandant Lerfosbourg, but the dangerous position in which he suddenly found himself, had induced him to this betrayal.

The Cossacks sent in pursuit of the courier soon overtook him and brought him back with the despatches, among which the governor found the petition. It is immediately sent for Nicholas, who, arrived at Beresov with the fax-gasherer, was not to depart until later.

Meanwhile Godereau, after having rested a few hours in the iouste of Rier Rocob as had been agreed, had taken the road to the city, mounted on one of the reindeer of the Ostiak. His first care on his arrival was to repair to the office of the governor.

INIS RIST care on his arrival was to repair to the office of the governor.

He found the commandant Lerfosbourg with a paper in his hand, giving orders to two Cossack officers.

The Cossacks gave the military salute and went out. Godereau remained standing beside the door; the commandant, absorbed in his anger, did not perceive him.

"We shall see whether he does repeat it," murmared he, "a petition which might riun the count, for it would have gone, but for the warning of that rescal Kiuciof."

The writing-master could not suppress a movement, which made the governor notice him.

"Who is there? What do you want?" said he, turning.

he, turning.
"Pardon me," stammered Godereau, attempting to get a better view of the paper Lerfosbourg was holding in his hand, "pardon me, sir, but you were speaking of the tax-gatherer, and of a

you were speaking of the tax-gatherer, and of a petition ""

"Here it is."

"That is it!" exclaimed Godereau.

"You recognize it, then 9"

"A petition in favor of Nicholas Rosow."

"Exactly so; a man who has dared to accuse Count Passig, who has exposed me to disgrace, but is now learning what it costs to attack a person stronger than himself, for every word of this petition is at this moment paid for by a blow of the knout."

The old professor uttered a cry, and dropped the fur cap which he held in his hand.

"That cannot be!" exclaimed he. "It was I who wrote the petition."

"You?"

"Without his knowledge, and through gratitate, for I am indebted to him for all."

who wrote use peasuou.
"You!"
"Without his knowledge, and through gratitude, for I am indebted to him for all."
"Who are you, then!"
Goderean told his name, explained what had
brought him, then, returning to Nicholas, related to the commandant in what manner all had
happened, and how Michoel Kitzoff had himself
taken charge of the petition. The governor
comprehended that he had been daped, and burst
into imprecations. Goderean in vain attempted
to interrupt him in order to entreat him to spare
Nicholas the chastisement ordered; Lerfosbourg
"averaged the acartment in a rage, striking all reversees the acartment is in rage, striking all Nicholas the chastisement ordered; Lerfosbourg traversed the apartment in a rage, striking all the furniture and exhausting his vocabulary of maledicions. He stopped at last to swallow two glasses of kinschwassel, which seemed to deaden his anger; but as he was lending a more attentive ear to the supplications of the old man, the Cossacks re-appeared, and declared that all was over.

eau placed his hands to his head with crocereau placed his hands to his head with a groan of despair, and dropped on one of the enches beside he door. "And how did he endure the punishment?" aked Lefrosbourg. "Without saying a word." "Did you have him carried to the military copital?"

"He refused to go. There was an Ostiak peasant there who seemed to know him; he made him lie down on his sledge, and departed with him."

with him."

"I must go to him!" exclaimed Godereau.
"One moment," said the governor, making a sign to the Cossacks to close the door; "we have an account to regulate together. Did you write this petition?"

"I have just declared it."
"A magnificent hand-writing," added the governor, looking at the paper. "If I suffer you to go, you may write a scood. You are a dangerous man, and I am unwilling to lose sight of you."

f you."
"What say you, sir?" exclaimed Goder
do you intend to detain me?"

"What say you, sir!" exclaimed Godereau;
"do you intend to detain me!"
"Listen. I have a secretary to whom I pay a
large salary, and who does nothing. I will give
you his place, without the salary, you understand
—you shall be fed and lodged here."
"I will not," interrupted Godereau, "I must
rejoin Nicholas, sir."
"What do you mean, clown!" exclaimed Lerfosbourg; "do you not know that I can have you
knouted as well as your companion!"
"Do it," exclaimed the old man; "I am ready
to endure all. Strike this old body, tear this
fiesh; I ask only that you leave me life enough
to see my benefactor again, embrace him once
more, and then die."

The accent of the old man touched even the
hard heart of the commandant.

hard heart of the commandan

The accent of the old man touched even the hard heart of the commandant.

"Come," said he, in a milder tone, "obey first, and you shall see him afterwards."

"Sir," marmured Godereau, with clasped hands, "in pity suffer me to go immediately."

"No," said the governor, impainently, "I need you this day. Since the carrier has returned, I will profit by it to send some valuable furs to the count. You shall write a letter for me to send with them."

Godereau hastily raised his head.
"A letter for the empress "asked ho.
"For her," replied Lerfosbourg.
"And what must I say to her?"
"What you please. The letter written, you will read it to me."

The old professor suddenly assumed an almost joyous air, and turning towards the commandant, said, in a submissive tone:
"I am ready to obey your orders."
It was three months since Godereau had filled the office of secretary to the governor of Bereva, and Lerfosbourg had given up the whole care of his correspondence to him. It was he who executed orders, opened despatches and real pilled to them. The labor of the governor was confined to signing each morning, and often

without reading them, the papers which were presented to him; so the avaricious governor daily rejoiced at having found a secretary who performed all the labor for him, and without a

dally rejoiced at having found a secretary who a performed all the labor for him, and without a salary.

The cold had disappeared; Siberia, despoiled of her robe of snow, now displayed herself in all the beauty of her brief summer. The barley and rye were already waving on the elevated steppes, while below, the meadows framed the two shores of the Ob, like a broad ribbon encir-cled with flowers; the hills, tapestried at their base, with cassarrings and ledies, were crowned, as by terraces, with flowering cherry-trees, maples, briches, firs and ceasions. A mild and caressing breeze, issuing from the groves of birches, bore guant towards the city, the perfume of Arctic raspberries, black currants and rose-bushes. The Ostiaks traversed the country singing, clad in cloth of nettle-thread or the membranes of fish-es, and the roads were covered with merchants repairing to the more distant habitations.

The houses themselves, formedy so closely shut, seemed to have felt the influence of the fine days; the caulked windows were open; the thresholds were re-peopled, and one heard every-where the sound of joy and life. The return of

The houses themselves, formerly so closely shut, seemed to have fish the influence of the fine days; the caulked windows were open; the thresholds were re-peopled, and one heard everywhere the sound of joy and life. The return of the fine weather had re-opened the dwelling of the governor with all the rost.

At the moment we resume our narrative, most of the officers of the crown were assembled with him in the hall of reception, where Lardsbourg had convoked them for the communication of several despatches received the evening before. Godereas, who was to read these, was seated before a little table loaded with papers. The face of the professor, usually so calin, seemed much disturbed; an expression of repressed joy mingled with uneasiness mighs have been read there. Godereas outd not remain in his place; he went from the table to the window, muttered some maintelligible words, consulted a clock some unintelligible words, consulted a clock placed in the corner of the half, and could not suppress signs of impatience, as if he expected

ome one.

At last the governor warned him that all the fficers convoked were present, and ordered him commence the reading of the despatches. Godereau made him repeat the order twice, oked at the clock again, and made a gesture

Goderean made him repeat the order twice, looked at the clock again, and made a gesture of despair.

Finally, at a new command from the governor, be took a despatch and began to read it slow-like the command of the commerce of brandy among the empress on the commerce of brandy among the Chiakx. Godereau, who continued reading mechanically, and without paying any attention to it, anddenly interrupted himself and listened.

"Mell' "asked the governor.

"It is the barking of Vulcan," exclaimed the good man. "Can he have recognized him?" continued he, trembling with anxiety.

"Recognized who!" "asked the governor.

But Goderean had risen, with his eyes fixed on the door of the saloon; auddenly it opened, and Nicholas Rosow appeared.

The old professor uttered an exclamation of joy."

The old professor untersu as exclaimed the governor; "who summoned him ""
"I, sis," interrupted Godereau.
"And by what right "
"By order of the empress."
"Of the empress!"
All the officers rose.
"Yes!" cried the old man, with triumphant energy, "Listen all!"
And drawing a paper from his pocket he read:

read:
"I, Catharine II., empress of all the Russias.
On the petition which has been addressed to me by Francois Pierre Godereau, in the name of Nicholas Roose, sent to Siberia in consequence of the culpable maneuvering of Count Passig; "Having learned, besides, that the said Pierre Godereau and Nicholas Roose, although political exiles, have been sent into the country like criminals, and deprived of the assistance which I accorded them.

inals, and deprived or succorded them:

Ordered, that both receive their rights as free men, and that the enclosed despatch shall be handed to the said Nicholas Rosow, to be opened by him in the presence of all the officers and functionaries of Beresov;

Let this order from me,

"And you concealed this order from me, retch!" exclaimed the governor, pale with fear

and the writing-master. "As for the despatch mentioned, here it is." He handed Rosow a scaled package, which the latter hastily opened. All the efficers sur-rounded him, mate and motionless. When he had finished reading, he advanced with a noble

and missed resamps, no savance with a noise air towards the governor.

"We have changed parts, sir," said he. "The empress grants the firmer exile, Nicholas Rosow, the government of Bereiov, and you are to re-place me in my iouste of exile. Here is the order."

And he extended to him the despatch

There arose an exclamation of surprise, with which was mingled a cry of joy uttered by God-oreau. Lerfosbourg would have spoken, but his mongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, his limbs failed him, and he was obliged to sit down.

down. Some officers approached him and attempted to console him, while most surrounded Rosow to compliment him; but the latter hastily pushed them away, and running to the old writing master, who remained beside the table wiping his spectacles which were now moistened with the spectacles which were not successful to the special special

after a long embrace.

"Ah! How can I ever compensate you for what you have done for me!" exclaimed the young man, tenderly.

"You can, you can," said the old man.

"Yes," said Rosow; "by sending you into a free and rich country."

"Ah," said Godereau, "it is too late now; I

might die on the journey. I am fifty-six. sides, I am accustomed to Siberia, and to yo "But how then can I repay you?"

"By keeping me as your clerk!"

Jester's Picnic.

"When I went," says Sir David Wilkie of his friend Collins, "to bid him facewell, a day or two before he left home on his fast journey," found him high spirits, enlarging with all his carry enthusiasm on the immense advantage he might derive from painting upon Holy Land, on the very ground on which the event he was to embody had actually occurred. To make a study as Bethiehem of some young female and child seemed to me one great incentive to his journey, and the very heet," and then up to his control of the con

The following cure for the gout is taken from an old work: "First, the person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of rifty years who has never hed a wish to change her condition. Second, he must wash it in an hon-condition should be succeed to the second her beautiful to the parson's hedge who was never covetous. Fourth, he must end it to a dector's shop who never killed a patient. Fifth, he must mark it with a lawyer's link who never cheated a client. Sixth, apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speechly fallow.

"So you have come to reside in Chelsea, Mrs., Partingron?" said the squire, as he looked at the old lady over the top of his gold-bowed spec, on the boat. "How do you like the ferry?" She samiled upon the squire and repliced, "I should be sain the square, and the squire, if thou at the narry art, and asked the squire, if thou guns were "tropies of the revolution." She was answered satisfactorily on this point, while Ike sat on the seat by the raide making up faces at a boy in a boat that was passing at the time.

The following comic announcement was, a few days ago, made by the town-crier of a locality not twenty miles from Leeds: "O, yes I. Please to take notice, the lines drapers, beeiers, and hatters will close their respective beiers, and hatters will close their respective except. Saturdays. God save the queen, myself, and all the royal family—the lines drapers, they young men, the apprentices, and the young women!"

young men, the apprennees, and the young women?

A story is related of an honest farmer, who attempting to drive home a bull, got suddenly hoisted over the fence. Recovering himself, he saw the animal on the other side of the rails, sawing the air with his head and neet, and pseudost the saw of t

Last week the wind was so high on the "Jordan Level," of the Eric Canal, that the loats had to lie to—another strong proof that "Jordan is a hard road to travel!" The next day a freight boat was closely cheased by a piratical scow, but the captain of the former with great presence of the piratical horse stopping to cat the oats, the boat managed to escape.

Henry IV., having bestowed the cordon theu on a gentleman, at the solicitation of the Duke de Nevers, when the collar was put on, the gentleman made the customary speech, "Sire, I am ont worthy." "I know it lwell," said the king; "but I give ybu the order to please my cousin De Nevers."

A prisoner recently escaped from a police-constable by leaping from a railway train while passing a tunnel. The "bracelets," were ro-turned to the officer, with a polite note, saying they were too small, a circumstance (added the lucky wag), that would be arranged next time they met.

The principal of an academy, in his advertisement, mentioned his female assistant, and the "reputation for teaching which she bears," but the printer—careless fellow—left out the which so the advertisement went forth, commending the lady's "reputation for teaching she bears."

Fallacy of an old axiom—to say, "as different as chalk is from cheese." When we consider that cheese is made from milk, and milk is made from chalk, there is not such a great difference after all.

A young lady, whose name was Patty, being addressed by a Mr. Cake, accepted him on condition he would change his name, declaring she would never consent to be called a "Patty Cake."

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